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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—Dr Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Republican managers are very hopeful of victory in the elections to-morrow, though they have been working too hard and are too sensible of the chances of defeat to be in very high spirits. M. Gambetta spoke upon very reasonable probabilities when he assured his audience in the American Circus that 400 Republican candidates would be returned. Less sanguine calculators do not consider themselves certain of more than 380 seats; but that number they regard as absolutely certain. An observer who came up from the country to Paris last week informs us that what most struck him at the centre of affairs was the spirit in which the *Centre Gauche* were urging the most energetic measures against the Ministry, and if necessary against Marshal MacMahon himself. M. Léon Renault, for example, is said to be resolute for an impeachment. This is a very significant fact, and may be put against the statement of a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who affirms that the prevalent feeling among all moderate men is a hope "that the Marshal will pull through."

In a speech at Exeter on Monday, discussing the prospects of trade, Sir Stafford Northcote used words which raised momentary hopes of speedy peace in the East. "If," he said, "the revival which I believe is occurring in the United States and some other countries should continue, and if we should be so fortunate as to see a close of the troubles which are unfortunately afflicting Eastern Europe, I believe that we might look, even in the present year, for a revival of our commercial prosperity. But these 'ifs' are 'ifs' of a very serious character, and in regard to the one I have mentioned last I cannot but feel that it is too early at present to venture to speculate upon the course of events in the south-east of Europe, or the possibilities or probabilities of a termination of war. All that we can say is that this war has been throughout a war of surprises; that many things happened quite contrary to the expectations of those who are the best, or are supposed to be the best, qualified prophets in the matter; and although I now see that prophecies are very freely made that it is impossible that the war can terminate in one campaign, and that it will be hopeless to expect that any settlement can be arrived at until one or the other party has gained a more decisive superiority than at present either has gained, still I cannot help thinking that there may yet be surprises, and a surprise even in that direction which may disappoint the prophecies of these experienced and qualified persons. One thing, at all events, we may say—that the unquestioned gallantry with which both sides have fought in this fearful war has been such that if an opportunity should arise for a peaceful settlement of their differences, both parties might accept such settlement without its being supposed for a moment that they were sacrificing their honour in the matter of military reputation. Both parties have acquitted themselves in a military sense in a manner that must place them upon a very high pinnacle of reputation, and both parties may feel that if they can see their way to the settlement of their difficulties such a settlement might be adopted consistently with a fair consideration of their own military character. That, I think, is the only bit of blue sky that I can venture to see at the present moment in the Eastern Question." When Sir Stafford's hopeful hypotheses are boiled down, they are seen to mean no more than that there have been so many surprises in the course of recent affairs, that we may be surprised once more by the conclusion of peace; but it being supposed that he meant more than he was at liberty to say plainly, people thought that peace was somehow "on the card."

Any cheerful expectations that were raised by Sir Stafford Northcote's speech at Exeter were dispelled by Lord Salisbury's speech at Bradford. The Chancellor of the Exchequer apparently spoke only as a layman, out of the abundance of his own sanguine temper, and not out of secret diplomatic information. Lord Salisbury's temper is more saturnine, and his knowledge seems to be more authoritative. He held out no hopes of peace. "We are not in a position," he said, "without departing from the specific position which you have prescribed, and justly prescribed, as the first duty of an English Minister, to do anything but to offer pacific counsels. I trust that they may be listened to. But you see the passions that are unchained before you; you know that this war is being waged on one side and the other by feelings which spring from the lowest depths of human nature. You cannot expect until either there is some great victory or some complete exhaustion that the pretences on which this war was based will be abandoned by either side."

What with its speeches from Lord Granville and Mr. Bright, and now with its speech from Lord Salisbury, Bradford has been singularly honoured by politicians this recess. The Conservatives there seem to be very jubilant. Lord Salisbury corrected his chairman on Thursday for saying that Bradford was not represented by a Conservative pure and simple. "At all events," he said, "if it be true, it is because my friend Mr. Ripley is in the highest and broadest sense of the term a Conservative pure, but not simple; and I must add that the sight of this meeting and of this

enthusiasm explains to me a matter that always rather puzzled me. I have the honour and pleasure —a great pleasure I esteem it—of the personal friendship of your member, Mr. Forster; but I never could understand how he ventured or how he was allowed to give the rein to certain Conservative tendencies in his disposition which I cannot fail to notice. But to-day I understand the mystery, and I sincerely hope that the influence of Bradford will more and more exert itself in giving rein to the Conservative tendencies, and bridle the Radical tendencies, of my most distinguished friend." Mr. Ripley, we suppose, if he seeks re-election, will stand as a professed Conservative, but if Mr. Forster does not take care he may fall between two stools.

The rainfall of the 6th, just as the three weeks' grace, given by the Anglo-Indian Press for its appearance, was expiring, is without doubt the most important news of the week from India. It is a welcome relief. The North-West Provinces, Oudh, and the Punjab, have narrowly escaped a great catastrophe, and Central India, though still threatened, will no doubt feel very soon the effects of the better circumstances of its neighbours. At the same time, the emigration from Gwalior and Kattyawar should not escape the attention of the Governments of Bombay and the North-West Provinces, for if, owing to the severity of taxation under their native rulers, the Rajahs of Scindhia or the princelings of the more Southern States, or from the neglect of those rulers to anticipate (as the Government at Allahabad did) the coming evil, or from any other local cause whatever, increased numbers are thrown upon the relief works of the more provident and more sympathetic administrations, the burden of feeding the strangers should fall upon the States whence they come.

The action of the Viceroy in making the Governor of Madras independent of his Council in famine matters has already attracted much unfavourable comment, and cannot but meet, at an early date, the serious attention due to procedure apparently so unconstitutional. The measure seems at present an extreme one, but it must not be forgotten that the outcry up to date is only from the Madras Council itself, the very body that has been temporarily shelved. And when "the Press" is quoted as adverse to Lord Lytton's conduct, it should be remembered that one Madras newspaper is the property of, and edited by, a councillor, and that with another the mercantile interest represented in the affronted Council is connected. Not, of course, that these facts can impugn the value of the opinions of the Madras journals; but in calculating the weight of opposition any act meets with it certainly assists to a correct judgment if we bear in mind that humanity, however upright, is liable, from the simple fact of its humanity, to bias in favour of self.

From Mr. Grant Duff's vacation speeches we expect always to learn something that is at once new and true, and we are never disappointed. His speech on the Eastern Question is yet to come, being reserved for the leading borough in his composite constituency. In a speech at Macduff, on Friday last week, he discussed, among other things, Mr. Cardwell's Army Reforms, a subject which Liberal politicians have an interest in making thoroughly known to the country, if it is the case, as rumour goes, that the First Lord of the Admiralty means to rival Mr. Cardwell in an attempt to reconstruct the administration of the Navy. Much, however, as an able organiser may find to do in the latter department, the task cannot be as gigantic as that which Mr. Cardwell achieved. Few people, even among those most interested in politics, have an adequate notion of what Mr. Cardwell did at the War Office. Mr. Grant Duff cannot be far wrong in his opinion that "when the history of the late Administration comes to be written, its management of Army Reform will be found to have been the most honourable and remarkable of all its proceedings," all the more honourable and remarkable that it was not dictated by the constituencies, but spontaneously undertaken in defiance of the interests affected. Of course only professional men can comprehend fully the extent of the labour involved in Mr. Cardwell's various reforms, but the mere list of them is enough to show how stupendous it must have been—the Abolition of Purchase (which Mr. Grant Duff well describes as buying back the army from the officers, whose property it had practically become), the withdrawal of British troops from independent Colonies, the definition of the relations between the War Office and the officer Commanding-in-Chief, the reorganisation of the machinery of the department, the localisation of the army in depôts, the introduction of the system of short service, the incorporation of the Regulars with the Militia and the Volunteers. If Mr. W. H. Smith is ambitious of rivalling these achievements in the narrower field under his control, he deserves all good wishes, and there is no doubt that if he attempts anything of the kind, he will have a similar popular pressure to support him.

When Mr. Gladstone spoke the other day at Hawarden on the County Franchise he was reproved for taking no notice of Mr. Goschen's arguments against extension. Mr. Grant Duff has been careful to avoid this reproval. "Mr. Goschen's principal objection," he said in a speech at Macduff last week, "as I understand it, was that the extension of the Franchise, made in boroughs ten years ago, had had a bad effect, as it had encouraged the passing of certain measures which could not be altogether reconciled with the teachings of political economy. But is that really so? I think that people sometimes forget that, though that great science should be absolutely supreme within its own range, although, if political economy says, 'That is not, but this is the true road to national wealth,' we should absolutely bow to its decision, yet political economy is nevertheless only part of the science of politics, and there may be things which are right to do, although political economy may shake its head and say, 'That is not the shortest way to national wealth.' Take, for instance, the case of the curtailing the hours of labour in certain cases, or the regulations about the labour of women and children in factories. The political economist is quite right to raise a warning voice about such things, for they may easily go too far. But yet politicians may be quite right to say, We admit all you urge, but we think that the reasons that are adduced on the other side are sufficient to make us face the loss which you predict. Authorities are divided as to how far the production of wealth has been diminished by anything yet done, but even if it has been diminished in some small degree, there are counter-balancing advantages, and, on the whole, I cannot think that we have yet gone too far on the road along which political economy has put up danger signals."

On Tuesday morning last, says the *Times* correspondent, "the early trains from London conveyed crowds of people of the most diverse shades of opinion." Their destination was Croydon, where, in spite of, or because of, their diverse opinions, they assisted at the fullest, the most orderly, and in every way the most interesting of the seventeen Congresses of the Church of England. Well might the Rev. Mr. MacLagan have congratulated his brethren on the yearly improving tone of their debates. A great many of the lay and reverend members must have remembered the wonderful scene witnessed during the 1866 Congress at York, when, on the appearance of Mr. A. J. Stephens, Q.C., the High Church members groaned and hissed, and rushed to the doorway, with shouts of "Retire, retire!" The story was that, at a dinner party the evening before, Mr. Stephens had called the High Church mixture of wine-and-water used at

the Sacrament—"grog." The story got abroad before next morning; hence the uproar. Mr. Stephens erred grievously, and he richly deserved his punishment. It appears that the High Church party have this year mustered in force, and considering the recent provocations which they have endured, their orderly behaviour during the discussion of the Church and State and kindred questions is highly praiseworthy. We cannot say much for the style and matter of the oratory.

The Conference of Home Rule members of Parliament was of interest only as showing how far they had been affected by the popular sympathy expressed with the Obstructionists. Apparently their attitude is unchanged. The bulk of them refused to join in the light-hearted amusement of obstruction last Session, and they adhere to this determination. They repudiate responsibility for the Obstructionists. Those members of Mr. Parnell's "Cave" who were present at the Conference on Tuesday, had a warm time of it. Mr. Butt denounced them with particular energy. "If the policy," he told his fellow Home Rulers, "which they were going to adopt was such as Mr. Biggar had sketched, then they must do without his aid. Discipline was as essential as earnestness to the Party. Let them leave it to him next Session to try his policy fairly. It would be as energetic as they liked; and let there be more frequent meetings of the Party. They had plenty of work to do without offering insults to him that he did not think ought to have been offered. He would receive censure or advice with perhaps more disposition to yield to it than any other man; but do not let any man go to Glasgow, and say or listen to others saying, 'Let them throw the thirty-six Whip to the devil.' Don't let any man call him an 'informer.'" When Mr. Parnell protested that he had never called Mr. Butt an "informer," Mr. Butt angrily retorted—"Then don't tolerate it in a letter. Do you reject it? But I don't ask you." If Mr. Butt had asked him, it is not Mr. Parnell's way to give direct replies to such direct questions. The Conference separated after passing resolutions approving of "the wisdom and efficiency of a policy of united and energetic action, under the leadership of Mr. Butt," declaring that individual members of the party "have full liberty of action" (rather a superfluous permission), and expressing a willingness to confer with the Home Rule League, or to take part in a National Conference, if it were deemed necessary.

According to the chief Hungarian and Austrian papers the new Hungarian Gold Rente offers so remunerative a field for investment that it would be a pity to deprive the country of its birth from the benefits it offers. The reasons why it is so much to be recommended are because Rothschilds are the financing agents—which alone is enough to float the undertaking—because Hungary has begun to save after a period of extravagance and financial maladministration; because the taxation is to be raised; and, finally, because the harvest has been so abundant. In spite, however, of all these seductive reasons, which to a novice would appear as so many reasons not to borrow any more money at all, it is pointed out by the Austro-Hungarian Press that there are no places like London and Paris for the liquidation of capital. It might, however, be well to ask the Hungarian Government how many millions are due to the Treasury for arrears of taxes, and whether it would not be better to levy execution on the estates of the noble debtors than what may possibly turn out blackmail on the savings of foreign nations. As for Rothschilds, with their experience hitherto of Hungarian loans, it is not likely that they will guarantee the worst of its kind.

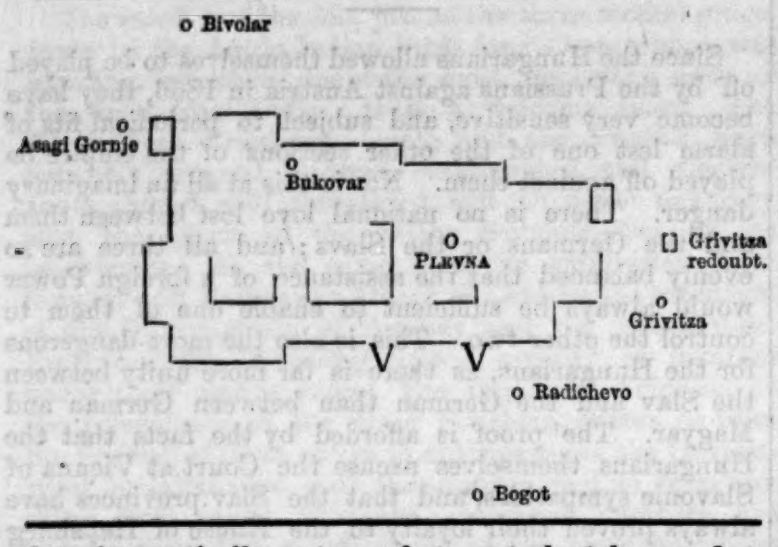
If the Hellenes do not repudiate all solidarity with that foreign section of their race, who, if they possess the highest virtues also possess the lowest vices, they will run much risk of being identified with them, and the word "Hellene" be merged into that of "Byzantine," a term which personifies the very essence of depravity. The Fanar has taken open part for the Turks, whilst secretly pretending to favour the aspirations and plans of the Hellenes. But in the case of such "Cretans" as the Byzantines, promises and engagements go for nothing in the face of deeds; and when we hear that the Œcumenical Patriarchate in Constantinople has sent two encyclica to the higher and the lower clergy commanding them to use all their influence in support of the Turks, it is surely time for the Athenians to let the world know where the Hellenes end and the Byzantines begin. This would be a task which Leonidas Bulgaris is well fitted to accomplish. It would be as interesting as useful to have a list of the names which lead the serried ranks of the black sheep of the flock.

Since the Hungarians allowed themselves to be played off by the Prussians against Austria in 1866, they have become very sensitive, and subject to periodical fits of alarm lest one of the other sections of the empire be played off against them. Nor is this at all an imaginary danger. There is no national love lost between them and the Germans or the Slavs; and all three are so evenly balanced that the assistance of a foreign Power would always be sufficient to enable one of them to control the other two. This is also the more dangerous for the Hungarians, as there is far more unity between the Slav and the German than between German and Magyar. The proof is afforded by the facts that the Hungarians themselves accuse the Court at Vienna of Slavonic sympathies, and that the Slav provinces have always proved their loyalty to the House of Hapsburg in an unmistakable manner, whilst submitting to what must be to them the galling hegemony of the Hungarians. Just now, therefore, the mission, excursion, or journey of Signor Crispi to Berlin, the Sieberburg raid, the impending action of Servia and the attitude of Greece, are creating intense excitement at Pesth and throughout the country. An idea prevails that Crispi's journey is a hint to Hungary by Prussia that if necessary any Hungarian movement may be checked by Italy. The Pesth papers repudiate this idea as absurd, and regard his journey as a warning to France; whilst the Germans calmly philosophise upon the matter, and weigh the probabilities of the one solution against the other. And the more it becomes apparent that whatever may be the opinion of the German people, the German Government intends remaining firm to the Imperial Alliance, the more the Magyars are at their wits' end what to do in the face of the excitement produced by the action of Servia and Greece. From their point of view they have good cause for alarm; and the best advice that can be given to them is to imitate the example set them by the triune kingdom of Great Britain, where the King of Wales, the King of Scotland, and the King of England, with their countries, are none of them favoured beyond the other, and do not each seek pecuniary, political, or honorary advantages at the expense of the other.

TODTLEBEN BEFORE PLEVNA.

The interest of the war still centres round Plevna, especially since General Todtleben has been conducting the engineering operations against the formidable lines constructed by Osman Pasha. It is some satisfaction to common sense, whether military or civil, to see that the celebrated general on his arrival immediately seized the gist of the situation, and is directing his operations for the chief attack on the side we pointed out nearly a month ago as forming the key to the position—that is, on the north and north-west, between Bivolar, Asagi Gornje, and Bukovar, whilst sapping up to the great redoubt near Grivitza. We reproduce the sketch we then published, as it is just possible that the final attack may be made within the next week, if indeed the Cesarevitch does not weaken the forces before Plevna by transferring a large portion to the east to strengthen

his position against the attack Suleiman Pasha is supposed to be contemplating. According to the most recent accounts, he has already begun to do so by withdrawing 6,000 men to reinforce his right flank, which has been seriously menaced in spite of the demonstrations Suleiman Pasha has made in the direction of Kadikoi and the Danube. If the Plevna forces are reduced beyond the 6,000 thus withdrawn, the success of General Todtleben in capturing Plevna will be almost nullified by Osman Pasha's falling back on the positions which we described long ago, as having been prepared at Vratza, and all along the high road to Orkhanie, for, unfortunately, the advent of General Todtleben, however beneficial from the engineering point of view, does not seem to have exercised any influence on the operations in the open field. The struggle at Plevna is of a two-fold nature;



there is practically a strong fortress to be taken, and an army of 70,000 men to be out-manœuvred and beaten. Until the arrival of General Todtleben, the army formed the object of the Russian attack, the fortifications being merely regarded as incidental impediments which would be swept away by assault and field artillery. When this error was exposed, it became evident that Plevna could be reduced only by systematic siege operations. These operations were confided to General Todtleben, and the result, so far, shows that this was wisely done. But the Russian commanders seem to have forgotten that besides the fortress there is a field army of 70,000 men to be disposed of, and are running into the opposite extremes. Todtleben may be able to dispose of the earthworks before Plevna, but who is to dispose of the men who throw them up, and who may be able to throw up fresh ones in as formidable positions? The mismanagement of the Russian troops seems to be as great as ever. Plevna is still open in the rear, and Osman Pasha's communications with Chevket Pasha still uninterrupted. There is no evidence whatever of any preparation on the north or on the south to cut off his retreat the moment Plevna becomes untenable, or to prevent his falling back upon Vratza. It is quite possible that Osman Pasha will be able to tell with sufficient accuracy how long he will be able to hold Plevna; and we should not at all be surprised to hear when General Todtleben had completed his operations, and all is ready for the assault, that Osman Pasha and his army had disappeared from Plevna in as mysterious a fashion as he arrived there. There is, however, one thing to be taken into consideration, and that is the value of the reinforcements on either side. Both armies have been brought up to the strength they possessed before the succession of actions around Plevna inflicted such serious and terrible losses on their ranks. Osman Pasha has had the 15,000 men he lost replaced by the forces sent to him by Chevket Pasha, and the Russo-Roumanian losses of about 25,000, including the sick, have been also replaced. But, whilst the quality of Osman Pasha's reinforcements is of a very doubtful character, the Russian additions consist of picked men—the Guards, who will fight not only for the Czar, their country, and their much-tried comrades, but quite especially for their own honour. They are also better armed than the rest of the troops. In fact, it is rumoured in the circles that ought to know best about the matter that fresh arms of a new pattern are to be introduced. But, be this as it may, there seems to be no room for any doubt that the Russian reinforcements are much superior to those of the Turks. Still the best of picked troops will avail little against such positions as those of Osman Pasha, actual and prospective, unless they have leaders who know how to handle them. So far as it is possible to form an opinion at present, many military critics say the plans of the Russians seem to be directed towards strongly fortifying the *têtes du pont* at Nicopolis and Sistova, and preparing to send the bulk of their forces into winter quarters in Roumania. But even though this apparent plan were really contemplated and not intended to deceive the enemy only, it would still be absolutely necessary to drive Osman Pasha out of Plevna, and that being so, it is hard to believe that the Russian commanders will allow the opportunity to slip out of their hands of disposing of Osman Pasha for good. To do this it is necessary strictly to divide the operations before Plevna, and resolve them into their constituent elements. Whilst the weight of the purely siege operations must be directed against the north-west of the fortificatory position, the field operations of the Russian troops against Osman Pasha's army must be concentrated west of the Vid and south of Plevna, so as to cut off Osman Pasha's retreat upon Vratza. Such operations against the flank and rear of an assailed army are generally crowned with success; but they require a nicety of calculation and an harmonious working together at all points which the Russian commanders have hitherto shown themselves incapable of accomplishing. Still, considering the resources of the Russians, they ought to be able to withstand all attempts of Osman Pasha to break through the flanking columns which should be sent to bar his way to Vratza or Orkhanie. If this is not done, the fall of Plevna will only have the effect of giving the Russians a little more room to breathe in. At present they are in the position of a wedge that has been successfully driven so far into the block that it is held tight, and can neither be forced further in nor got out again. There is nothing but hard hammering left to be done, or driving another wedge in on the flanks of the first one. At the same time, there is another alternative to the above possibilities. That is in the action of Servia and Greece. But this opens up a vista of such complications that the question becomes more of a political than a military character.

The operations of Suleiman Pasha do not yet throw much light on his intended plans. But taken in conjunction with the movements of the Turks at Silistria, and those of General Zimmermann in the Dobrudja, it would appear that the Turks are contemplating a movement north of the Danube which, originally intended for a diversion, may become a real attack if the result of the action that is impending on the Lom is favourable to them. Suleiman Pasha is said to have expressed his conviction that the Turks are now strong enough to close in upon the Russians from the Vid and the Lom, and cut off their line of retreat through Roumania, General Zimmermann having plenty to occupy him in the Dobrudja, and on the Lower Danube. If this is really Suleiman Pasha's idea, there can be no more doubt as to its boldness than there can be as to the result.

THE FRENCH STRUGGLE FOR A CONSTITUTION.

The order preserved at M. Gambetta's meeting with his electors in the Faubourg St. Antoine, which has the repute of being the most turbulent quarter in Paris, shows that the Republicans have lost none of their moderation since the funeral of M. Thiers. The meeting, to which the electors were admitted by ticket, so as to constitute it technically private, was held in the American Circus, Château d'Eau, and was computed to number 7,000. The organising committee had stationed

officers at various points to see that order was maintained, but their intervention was never required for an instant. There were no cries, no songs, not the least confusion; the vast crowd sat with orderly composure through the whole of the orator's eloquent harangue, interrupting him only, as a decorous meeting might without forfeiting its character, by occasional bursts of applause. Their intelligence in catching his more subtle allusions, as shown by visible thrills which now and then ran through the amphitheatre, was no less remarkable than their steady behaviour. In fact, the logical French mind seems to have been seized by the "idea" of moderation, and to be carrying it out with the same thoroughness with which it carried out the other idea in 1789. An English reporter, who was present, was heard, according to the *France*, to exclaim, "This beats our *meetings*."

And, indeed, to do them justice, the popular party in France has been disciplined by adversity to a pitch of firm endurance which even we in our political struggles have never attained. They get less credit in some quarters than they deserve. The prosecution of M. Gambetta has given rise to an impression that somehow the Republicans are acting illegally in opposing themselves to the will of the President. M. Gambetta's famous phrase, which he repeats in his manifesto to his arrondissement, one sometimes hears condemned as being at least a little too strong, as being calculated to inflame popular passion, and so lead to disturbances. This is precisely the contention of the Government, the argument on which they rely to justify their prosecution. When M. Gambetta repeated the phrase, they summoned him again before the Tribunal. Obvious as the fact is, it seems to be overlooked that this phrase is a simple statement of the principle of all Parliamentary government, the principle on which the British Constitution is founded, and which Marshal Macmahon himself recognised at the beginning of his term of power. Imagine the agitation that would fill the length and breadth of Great Britain if the Queen should dissolve a Parliament with the majority of which she was not in agreement, make a personal appeal to the country, make an electioneering tour through the chief towns, and command the electors, if they valued public security, to vote for candidates whom she had designated as hers! We should then see whether our electorate would behave with the same exemplary moderation that has been shown by our neighbours. When we compare the good order of our contested elections with the excitement now prevailing among parties in France, we do not make fair allowance for the difference of circumstances. To make the comparison fair, we must go back to the seventeenth century, when we were passing through a similar struggle for Parliamentary liberties. We did not take matters then as quietly as the French are doing now. When Charles I. sent an order to the House of Commons in 1629 that they must adjourn, they held the Speaker down in the chair, locked the door in the face of the King's usher, and proceeded with their business. On that memorable occasion Sir John Eliot uttered a sentence of which M. Gambetta's phrase is merely a French translation. "None have gone about to break Parliaments but in the end Parliaments have broken them." What is this but the alternative that M. Gambetta has offered the President of submission or resignation? So appropriate is Sir John Eliot's saying to the crisis in France, so exactly parallel are the two situations, that it might serve at the present moment as the Republican "cry."

Of course it might be made a technical justification of Marshal MacMahon, as it was of Charles, that he is not exceeding his lawful power. But the truth is that the plea might have been urged for our king with much more propriety than it can be urged now for the President of the Republic. He himself acknowledged four years ago that, under a Parliamentary *régime*, the law is the will of the majority. His appeal to the country implies a recognition of this principle, although his Ministers are prosecuting M. Gambetta for affirming it, and although he, with singular inconsistency, virtually denies it by declaring that he will not accept a Republican Ministry whatever the electors may decide. In his recent manifesto, summing up his electioneering speeches, he tries to justify himself by alleging that the Chamber of Deputies had exceeded its powers, and arrogated to itself the despotism of a new convention. M. Grévy, in his address, deals at length with this allegation. In the main he follows the line taken in the posthumous address of M. Thiers. "So serious an accusation," he says, "directed against one of the great Powers of the State ought to be proved by facts. I see only facts which protest against it. 'The Chamber disregarded the share of authority which appertains to the President of the Republic.' Where, when, by what acts? Let them be cited. It never gave a vote which impinged, even indirectly, on the authority of the President, but always guarded it with deference and respect. 'The Chamber contested the legitimate influence of the Senate.' A second accusation, like the former, without proof. The Chamber pushed the spirit of conciliation so far that on legislative points on which it disagreed from the Senate, it was always it which gave way. It gave way on the Superior Instruction Law; it gave way on the Municipal Law; it gave way on the Budget, patriotically sacrificing to concord the prerogatives which in Constitutional matters appertain, as regards taxation, to the representatives of the people. It grudged nothing to avoid a conflict. 'The Chamber tended to substitute for the necessary balance of powers established by the Constitution the despotism of a new Convention.' How far it was from this insensate tendency! It aspired only to keep alive the Republican Constitution, with the three Powers which it created. Is the title 'Convention' seriously applied to a second Chamber, subject to the right of adjournment and dissolution, without influence on the Executive Power and on the Senate, scarcely equal in functions to the Chambers of Deputies under the Monarchies of 1814 and 1830?"

In short, the Marshal is justified neither by fact nor by principle; he neither has, nor ought to have, the powers which he claims. We had thought that this was universally recognised on this side of the Channel, but when English newspapers begin to hint that the Marshal is right in combating democratic tendencies, and that he and his advisers being on the spot are the best judges as to how far this is necessary, it is as well to restate what the pretensions of the Republican party are. They claim no privileges which are not enjoyed under our Constitution; they have shown, indeed, that they are willing to acquiesce in a much smaller share of authority for their Chamber of Deputies than is possessed by our House of Commons.

MR. GLADSTONE'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

There are many people who will not be convinced that Mr. Gladstone has not some insane or sinister object in his proposed visit to Ireland. Why, they ask, did he never go before, if it is only a mere traveller's curiosity that takes him there now? The least that is expected of him is that he will come back a Home Ruler, not from conviction, but because he has discovered that on no other terms can the "Irish contingent" be persuaded to return to its allegiance to the Liberal party. Wait, people say, till we see; similar transformation scenes have occurred in Mr. Gladstone's career before; and they charitably add, under the pressure of equally questionable motives. Mr. Gladstone must be going to Ireland to ascertain with his own eyes and ears why it is that his munificent bids for the adherence of Irish members to the Liberal party have failed of their effect. Perhaps if we were to give heed to the bitterness with which such remarks are made, we should be less astonished at the fierce animosities now raging in French party warfare. If the ex-leader of a party can be assailed with such misinterpretations of a simple action, all because his views on a question of foreign policy do not commend themselves to members of the

other party, what might be expected if the country were ranged in opposite camps on a question of real vital interest such as now divides France? We are justly proud of the hearty unenvenomed spirit of political warfare on this side of the Channel, and of course nothing should prevent us from preaching moderation to our neighbours; but there would be no harm if we recognised a little more the necessity for "recking our own rede." The worst part of the persistent misrepresentation from which Mr. Gladstone has suffered since the agitation of last autumn is that it is most readily listened to, not by the classes who are ordinarily called "ignorant," but by the classes who are ordinarily called "educated." The working classes remain true to their attachment to Mr. Gladstone; it is the middle classes that have fallen away from him. Granting that it is education and enlightenment that have produced a schism between Mr. Gladstone and former admirers, it can hardly be the same excellent forces that operate to secure the acceptance of any and every rumour to his prejudice, no matter how extravagant. Most people do stop short of believing that the purpose of Mr. Gladstone's visit is to arrange with Cardinal Cullen measures for the conversion of England to the Roman Catholic faith; but how much short of this does their furious credulity refuse to go?

In connexion with Mr. Gladstone's intended visit, the *Times* has made some excellent if not altogether unobvious remarks about the advantage to a statesman of making a personal inspection of the field of his labours. It does seem an extraordinary thing that Mr. Gladstone, who has been concerned in so much legislation for Ireland, should never even have set foot in that country. Not that there would be much advantage in going, as the *Times* suggests, to study the Irish character. If knowledge of Irish character is all that the statesman requires, he could easily obtain a sufficient variety of specimens without going a hundred miles from London. But Irishmen are not so immeasurably different from other human beings, in so far as regards their attitude towards good government, that a study of their character and habits is the most essential requisite for a statesman who has to legislate for them. What the legislator wants above all, and what it is surprising that so few of our legislators have tried to obtain, is a knowledge of the conditions under which Irishmen live, a practical experience of the operation of laws already in force. We remember, for example, to have heard a stranger who visited Ireland before the Peace Preservation Acts were amended, expressing his astonishment at the amount of restraint placed by those Acts upon the movements of the most harmless and peaceable residents. He knew that such Acts were in force, and was generally aware of their provisions, but he had no idea till then how vexatious they were in practice to individuals who had no thought of sedition. Here, then, was an instance in which personal experience would have been of great value to a legislator. If every member of the House of Commons had lived for a few weeks or a few months in Westmeath before the Peace Preservation Acts were discussed, he would have been in a much better position for considering them, and Irish members might have been saved many nights of weary debate, and many exasperating exhibitions of what seemed to be wrong-headed unreason, but was really simple ignorance. For a legislator who wishes to understand the practical working of measures, it is not, of course, enough to visit a country merely as a distinguished stranger. Such a person, for whom things generally are made pleasant, might come away with very erroneous notions. The thorough inquirer must go and live with the people as a plain, unconspicuous resident, in order to have useful experience of their laws.

It is more than surprising that so few of those who legislate for Ireland have done this. It is not without reason that Irishmen complain of such neglect. The *Nation* must be admitted to make a legitimate complaint when it taunts Mr. Gladstone with having traversed Europe from end to end, made himself familiar with all the churches of the Ionian Islands, and explored the prisons of Naples, without having ever "during all the five-and-forty years that have passed since he entered public life, during the numerous periods of his official career, during even the course of his own brilliant administration, occupied in a very great measure as it was with Irish questions, once set his foot on the soil of Ireland." And Mr. Gladstone is by no means the only offender. There is, it is true, something to be said on the other side of the question. When, some years ago, Mr. Gladstone proposed to visit Belfast, he was dissuaded from the step on the ground of the danger arising from the heated feelings of the Orangemen, enraged at the disestablishment of the Irish Church. If Irishmen were not credited, not altogether without justification, with an inconvenient habit of taking pot-shots at any stray Saxon from behind the hedges of the Green Isle, the beauties of the country, if not the duties of statesmanship, might tempt a larger number of English travellers. The Irish are thus partly to blame for the paucity of their English visitors. Still it is to be regretted that so few of our legislators should have the courage, much less heroic than is generally supposed, to visit Ireland and learn the conditions of Irish life by practical experience. Till this is done, we can hardly hope not to have misunderstandings with the Sister Island.

THE CONTROVERSY ON LABOUR AND WEALTH.

It is not the fault of Sir Edmund Beckett, and Messrs. Potter, Forster, Brassey, and Bevan, if the parties chiefly interested do not fully realise the implications in the axiom that the wealth of the world means the labour of the world. Seldom has a proposition so self-evident been more fully illustrated and developed, and laboriously threshed out. Even the *Times* has learnedly formulated Sir Edmund's doctrine, showing that—the divisor being constant—the greater the dividend (wealth), the greater the quotient, or each man's share of it. Indeed, it would be rendering the public a very direct service if an abstract and analysis of the whole discussion were—to modify a suggestion of Sir Edmund Beckett's—pasted up in every workshop in the United Kingdom; and also—what Sir Edmund does not suggest—in every employer's office in the United Kingdom.

Who, then, is responsible for the diminution in the "quotient"—the continued depression in general production, with its attendant evils of falling prices and falling wages, side by side with the maintenance of the high cost of lodging and food? The workmen, Sir Edmund Beckett believes, are by far the most guilty, if not the sole, offenders. They have combined for the purpose of extorting the highest pay for the smallest amount of "scamped" work. Their ideal of life is to play three days out of six, drink champagne, and "feed their dogs with the best beef." Their rules are alike fatal to enterprise on the part of their employers, and talent and industry on that of the workmen. Unionism, in a word, constitutes a standing menace against society, and endangers the traditional supremacy of English manufactures in the markets of the world. The State ship is already drifting towards "W. R. G.'s" economic rock; and a few of her sharpest passengers are even detecting the sound of the breakers ahead. This is no exaggerated statement of the views of Sir Edmund Beckett and his friends. It exactly represents their meaning, if they mean anything at all.

Now, it is a sad fact that during a recent period of high wages certain classes of workmen did actually forswear small ale for expensive champagne, sweet and dry; and in their wild enthusiasm they may even have "fed their dogs with the best beef." But was the extravagance so very general—so very typical of the ordinary habits of the working class—as to warrant Sir Edmund Beckett in assigning it such a prominent position as a topic of discussion? Sir Edmund might just as fairly have deduced the character of the English middle class from the behaviour of a few luxurious loungers at the

clubs. From his way of putting the case, one would conclude that an English saw-grinder, or iron-puddler, usually keeps his hounds, and follows them, perhaps, across country, if he be not too embarrassed with Moet's best to stick to his saddle. Sir Edmund, however, deserves considerable sympathy as regards his personal grudge against the working class. To have one's leaden pipes nailed through, and one's brick walls built without an ounce of mortar, are domestic afflictions that might have provoked expressions more emphatic than polite even from the lips of a churchwarden. St. Albans is not the only locality where "jerry building" is perpetrated. The other day some half-finished "jerry" houses were condemned in Hackney; their mortar consisted of street-sweepings; and the marvel is how the bricklayers built them, and lived. Sir Edmund will perhaps endorse our opinion when we say that people have often been hanged for offences less heinous than that. There are hundreds of householders whose experiences coincide with those of Sir Edmund Beckett. There is not a trade in England without its proportion of black sheep. But the question remains, Do the black sheep outnumber the spotless lambs—do the imperfections of English workmen exceed the average in the case of the other classes of the community? If they do not, Sir Edmund Beckett's contention would seem to betray a deficient sense of proportion between things, and it pays the working classes a very high, though unintended, compliment. But what have the Postmaster-General, the Board of Trade, our representatives abroad, and judges so impartial and competent as Messrs. Forster and Brassey, to say about the true character and habits of Sir Edmund's reckless winebibber and dog-fancier? Two and a-half years ago the membership of the *registered* Friendly Societies amounted to about two millions, with funds of more than nine millions. The share capital of the co-operative societies exceeds three and a-half millions, the deposits in the Post Office Savings Banks are almost thrice that sum, and the assets of the 460 incorporated building societies which lately made returns were estimated at nearly twenty millions. Mr. Tidd Pratt stated, some time ago, that the Friendly Societies reduced the poor rates by two millions a-year. If we are to believe the comparative statistics of different countries, the British workman is—in spite of his occasional champagne suppers, and his expenditure of rump steak on the dog that he loves—the most thrifty of his class throughout the world. The same statistics also show conclusively that, in spite of scamped work, play, strikes, and restrictive rules, the main products of British industry are yet far beyond the reach of competition. The conclusion is irresistible that, taking them all round, the English operatives are—what Professor Leone Levi calls them—"really good workers." British manufacturing supremacy would have already well-nigh disappeared if our artisans were generally the worthless, dishonest class which Sir Edmund Beckett believes them to be, judging them from some of his own domestic experiences.

But, unfortunately, there is no denying that, in many cases, the Unionist rules have acted in restraint of trade, or, as Sir Edmund Beckett would put it, arrested the rate of growth of the nation's wealth. It would be useless to disguise the fact that rules against the employment of apprentices, forbidding Unionists to work with men who may be more skilful than themselves, limiting the masters' choice of material, and prohibiting extra diligence lest this should degenerate into "sweating," are violations of freedom of trade, devices for securing, more or less, the survival of the *un*fit. In principle, there is no difference between them and those prohibitive tariffs of other lands which our workmen would be the very first to condemn. Not the slightest. It is just as if we were to exclude the wines of France in order that we might try to develop a home trade in hothouse claret and champagne. The Trades Union Congress President's remarks on the general question are not a little curious. He says that the Unionists only try to restrain the liberty of reckless capitalists, whose attempts to "under cll" the steadier class of masters injure the quality of production and the interests of the workman. But underselling is here only another name for that competition between capitalists from which workmen are the very first to derive benefit. The customer may be left to select the article of that quality which best answers his purpose. And we may feel sure that, in the long run, the underseller deserves whatever success may attend his efforts. If he does not deserve success, he is pretty certain, as Mr. Merrick reminds us, to be "sold up"—in which case the Trades Unionists may just as well leave him to come to grief in his own way. Moreover, it may be granted, as against the Unionists, that their repudiation of intimidation is more passive than active. Intimidation may be practised even without recourse to what is roughly called "violence," and the well-wishers of Unionism—*i.e.* the majority of people who study the subject, with an intelligent appreciation of the tendencies of the age—would be sincerely glad if the Unionist leaders, the Congress especially, did something more than merely express their disapproval of interferences with the liberties of workmen and their employers. Nevertheless, it would be unphilosophical to say that the foregoing instances of disrespect for Nature's law of the survival of the fittest are of the essence of Trades Unionism. We regard them as its very separable accident. It is a hopeful sign of the future of Unionism when its most authoritative leaders are becoming every day more and more dissatisfied with the method of strikes and lock-outs. The system will improve as the recognition of the "solidarity" of public interests becomes more keen. On the one hand, the prosperity of a trade—as, *e.g.*, in the case of iron in relation to coal—stimulates industry in general; on the other, the Clyde dispute was only one instance among many, showing how the hardships of a strike must affect thousands upon thousands of persons who had nothing whatever to do with the quarrel.

The last consideration suggests the cause to which the present depression of industry must be mainly attributed. The period from 1867 to 1873 was one of reckless speculation all over the world. In England, the capacity of our mills was increased, in proportion to the enormous demand. In the latter year began the inevitable collapse, with a consequent fall in wages, and strikes more frequent and violent than in any former period. American managers attempted, by lowering wages, to make up the deficiency in their revenues from thousands of miles of almost useless railroads. By a similar process the Clyde shipbuilders endeavoured to guard against losses on account of the vessels which they had built, but which were not wanted. And to these causes, so fully analysed by Mr. Brassey in the course of his address at Leicester, must, as the same speaker also contended, be added the abnormal development of Joint Stock enterprise. These causes, says Mr. Brassey, have been more fruitful of industrial catastrophes than "all the machinations of the Trades Unions." The explanation suggests the remedy. Trade questions in any particular country must nowadays be studied with reference to trade movements throughout the world. Light, more light, is what employers and operatives stand in need of. Mr. Forster offers prizes for the best essays on Friendly Societies; and it would perhaps be worth while to invite competition on the wider question of the relations between Labour and Wealth. The experiment might be tried under the joint patronage of the Unions and the Masters' Associations.

LUNACY AND LIBERTY.

The Select Committee appointed to inquire into the operation of the Lunacy Law, so far as regards the security afforded by it against violations of personal liberty, occupied twenty-seven days in receiving evidence from sixty-four witnesses, of whom upwards of thirty were medical men, and more or less directly engaged in the management of lunatics. The result is a folio

blue-book of 582 pages, double columns, and this does not include the report of the Committee, which is delayed till next Session. As might be expected, the ponderous tome contains much matter irrelevant to the immediate subject of inquiry; the personal vanity of some of the witnesses and the leading of some of the questions carried the inquiry too much into the general question of Lunacy Law. Lord Shaftesbury gave something like a history of the legislation on this subject since 1829, which is both interesting and useful, although he was unable to indicate any important amendment in the present statutes; and it is to be observed that the gentlemen who, as Lord Chancellor's Visitors, Commissioners in Lunacy, or superintendents of asylums, should have the best means of judging how the law works, are almost unanimous in asserting that it works as well as any legal machinery can be expected to do. On matters of detail as to the treatment of patients they differ; but there is a general concurrence in the opinion that the liberty of the subject is rarely—if ever—unjustifiably infringed. On the other hand, there is the evidence of non-professional witnesses to the effect that men and women are frequently charged with insanity on account of some momentary excitement, or the whim of a relative, seized, and lodged in an asylum. The charge itself, and the conveyance to an asylum undoubtedly increase the excitement of those who are so treated; and then comes what seems to be the main difficulty in guarding sane people from unjust detention—the difference of opinion amongst the doctors as to what degree of idiosyncrasy constitutes insanity. Mrs. Louisa Lowe was detained in various asylums for a year and three months on account of her belief in spiritualism; yet there are many Spiritualists engaged in professions and trade who have never been looked upon as insane.

Notwithstanding all the attention which has been given to the subject by physiologists and philosophers, insanity remains the most delicate and difficult one for medical men to deal with, and their differences—even their errors—regarding it are, in the present state of our knowledge, not only excusable but often unavoidable. But vast progress has been made in the knowledge of the proper treatment of the insane; and if the disease itself remains obscure, the means of alleviating its worst features are known and largely employed. The mechanical restraints of former days—the strait waistcoats, seclusion in padded rooms, the chains and manacles which made asylums hideous—are rarely used now, and in some places are entirely abolished. The humane spirit of Dr. Conolly has borne abundant fruit, and the principles which directed his system are now the rule. It may be said that he was the first superintendent of an asylum who recognised the fact that the loss of reason does not imply the loss of all human sentiment and feeling. The aim of the best class of superintendents is to place their patients as nearly as possible under the natural conditions of life; to allow them as much freedom as may be compatible with safety, good food, pleasant surroundings, plenty of exercise and healthful work. This system is most thoroughly carried out in Scotland; its success there is frequently referred to in the evidence before the Committee, and it annually attracts professional men from the Continent and the United States to investigate its operation. The Scottish Commissioners do not look upon the crowding of large asylums with favourable eyes; they would clear out a large proportion of the patients if proper accommodation could be found for them; and they have a considerable number of licensed houses in which one, two, or four patients are placed under the care of some trustworthy man. One of the Scotch Commissioners, Sir James Coxe, after an experience of twenty years, condemned large asylums; 200 patients was the number he would allot to one establishment, whereas the tendency of most superintendents is to increase the size of their buildings and the number of their patients. He even cast a doubt upon the claims set up for asylum treatment to the possession of any special curative virtue, and believed that, where circumstances permitted it, private treatment was most effective in insanity, as it was in other diseases. "I think the asylum is simply a convenient hospital for treating them" (the insane), he said; "after a time it becomes just a convenient prison." This should gratify the Lunacy Reform Association, which was mainly instrumental in the appointment of the Committee; and it has rendered a certain class of lunacy "experts" indignant. The witness went further. Whilst admitting that asylums were great and, unfortunately, indispensable public conveniences, he said:—"I have great faith in the medical treatment of insanity by restoring the bodily functions; but I think you cannot treat insanity as a special entity. I think you must set to work to restore the health of the body, and that the mind then rights itself." He would release all that class of patients whose malady, although chronic, was not dangerous, and who were therefore capable of being at large, for this reason:—"I think it a very hard case for a man to be locked up in an asylum and kept there; you may call it anything you like, but it is a prison. He is cut off from all associations of out-door life. A man has his life only once, and it is a very hard thing to keep him in an asylum all his days." Dr. Lockhart Robertson (one of the Lord Chancellor's Visitors), declared that one-third of the patients now in confinement in England might be at liberty. The Hon. Francis Scott, a Surrey magistrate, and chairman of the Guildford Union, and of the Brookwood Asylum, gave similar testimony, and very strongly condemned the theory of those medical gentlemen who would deal with lunatics in battalions of 1,000 or 1,500. He thought that "300 or 400 was enough for them to manage in a curative establishment"; beyond that number "they cease to be curative; we do not cure; ours are large places of detention." These statements, in conjunction with the admission of irregular certificates, and the evidence of persons who have been incarcerated as lunatics, are sufficiently startling to give the present inquiry grave importance. There is still a small, and happily decreasing, class of "mad doctors," who see no hope for the insane beyond the walls of an asylum, which they would extend until they might include half the population. These gentlemen want big places and big numbers of patients to gratify the martinet spirit of control which finds its happiness in the autocratic dominion possessed by the superintendent of an asylum. But in houses of 1,000 or 1,500 patients individual treatment is impracticable, and therefore curative measures become feebler as numbers increase. The visits of the Commissioners become official formalities, for it is beyond their powers to give deliberate consideration to each case; and they must rely a good deal upon the report of the superintendent or some accidental observation to attract their attention to particular patients. According to Mr. Scott, the number of lunatics in the county asylums of England and Wales deemed curable in 1857 was 12·47 per cent.; in 1874 and 1875 it was reduced to 7½ per cent. Most people will agree with his comment on these figures—"I do not know anything more disheartening than that."

There are six paid English Commissioners — three legal and three medical—and they make their visits in couples. They have to examine into the state of cleanliness, the ventilation, the quality and quantity of food, in each establishment; they have to see that the entries of cases, ailments, &c., are duly made in the books ordered for the purpose; and they have to observe the condition, mentally and physically, of each individual, besides having many office duties to perform. When the Commissioners were first appointed they had 12,000 lunatics to look after, and they might be reasonably understood to accomplish the task satisfactorily. Now they have nearly 64,000 on their list, or, to speak more correctly, after deducting the out-door pauper lunatics and those in workhouses (22,232 in 1875), they have about 42,000 patients to visit, some quarterly, some twice and others once a year. It is impossible for them, with the utmost diligence, to know whether they have seen every one of the patients, and to ascertain whether or not they are fit subjects to be detained. So, one of the guards against the infringement of personal liberty is of rather

a weak character. The Lord Chancellor's Visitors are in a much better position. There are three of them, one legal and two medical, and they have a little over 1,000 patients to visit. Once a quarter they see one-third of them, who are in private houses, and they see the remaining two-thirds, who are in asylums, only once a-year. There are two paid Commissioners and two deputies in Scotland, and they have 8,862 patients of all classes under their supervision; those in asylums are visited twice every year; and some of those who are boarded out, five or six times a-year. There are, besides, in both countries unpaid Commissioners, magistrates, and members of local boards who, at intervals, visit the asylums. With all this machinery, devised for the protection of the sane and the comfort of the insane, it still appears that the facilities afforded for consigning a person to an asylum are too great, and the facilities for getting him out too few. As one witness stated, "the law, as far as its protective character exists, entirely depends on the honesty of the medical profession. Any person, provided he can get medical certificates to the effect that any other person is insane, can deprive that person of liberty."

The suggestions for the improvement of the law are not numerous or remarkable. The first step will be to render the order of incarceration more difficult to obtain, and the consequences more serious than at present to the persons who sign it if it should be afterwards discovered that it misrepresents the case; and, at the same time, supervision from outside might be more frequent. Another step will be to render the study of lunacy an important part of the regular medical curriculum. That would be an undoubted element of safety. There was also a suggestion that there should be established a Government board of "Specialists," whose duties it would be to give their whole attention to lunacy, and who alone should be competent to grant certificates of insanity. On this head, Dr. Arthur Mitchell, one of the Scotch Commissioners (whose evidence throughout is in every way the most deliberate and important before the Committee, and bears the impress of deep conviction as the result of long experience and earnest reflection), says:—

"I think the plan would be mischievous in its tendencies, more particularly in its interferences with personal liberty; because a body of men, specially authorised, licensed, as it were, to discharge such a duty, would be sure to include some who held extreme and crotchety views, and they would not necessarily be more trustworthy or conscientious than the ordinary body of medical men. What we need is a fuller study of mental disorders as part of the education of every medical man; this would increase their usefulness to the general community; and it is the only way I know by which the medical profession can become instrumental in lessening the amount of insanity in the country. It is for this reason, and also because it would make ordinary medical men better qualified to grant certificates of insanity, that I should desire such a change in medical education. In point of fact, the detection of insanity in 90 per cent. of all the patients sent to asylums is not a thing which requires any very special medical skill. In the small number of cases in which there is a difficulty, in which the existence of insanity is not clear, it is only fair that there should be hesitation and special and careful inquiry. It is quite true that the facts which are now given in certificates as proof of insanity are often very insufficient; but it must be remembered that it is not easy to state facts which are sufficient; not easy even to the most expert of experts. . . . I scarcely require to say that a large number of patients are sent to asylums neither in the hope of cure nor to promote their happiness and well-being; they are sent to promote the comfort of other people, or as a matter of convenience."

The latter sentence bears directly on the most startling and troublesome fact in connexion with insanity, namely, the steady annual increase of pauper lunatics throughout the country. Huge buildings for their accommodation are being multiplied, and still more accommodation is called for. One explanation of this is that, as the Treasury grants 4*s*. a-week towards the maintenance of every certified lunatic pauper, the friends of the harmless imbecile who was formerly allowed his freedom now send him to the asylum, and boards of guardians lighten the burden of the parochial purse by the same means, for the allowance is not made to patients who are retained in workhouses. It would seem a rational proceeding to provide inducements for keeping patients out of the asylum instead of for sending them into it. Side by side with this increase of pauper patients, it is notable that the number of private cases are diminishing; and this presents the strongest possible argument against the theory of those self-confident upholders of asylum treatment, who are too apt to regard the lunatic as only material for affording them employment and emolument, and not as an afflicted human creature, to be restored to the natural conditions of life as soon as possible. Reading the evidence of such men, it is easy to understand how constant communication with lunatics may affect even clever brains. It is to be hoped that the heterogeneous mass of evidence which the Select Committee have elicited will enable them to discover some practical solution of the difficult problem set before them.

THE CONGRESS OF LIBRARIANS.

If the Conference has been profitable to librarians, we must hope it will also benefit readers. Too many keepers of great public libraries seem to be under the delusion that, given buildings and books to put in them, and grants for fresh publications, the less readers are allowed to meddle the better. Indeed the whole number of conferring librarians may be divided into two classes. The Americans, together with the representatives of the Free Libraries in our provincial towns, were on one side, and the representatives of such institutions as the British Museum were on the other. The Americans were evidently under a persuasion that they were the servants of the public who employed them, that the books were committed to their care by a number of proprietors who had bought them for use, and who required the librarian's assistance in using them. This view was by no means shared by the other party. A great public library, according to their theory, is committed to a guardian as in a sense his private property, to which, under various vexatious restrictions, he may, if he pleases, admit readers, but with a plain intimation that they are only allowed to come in on sufferance. The strangers and foreigners apparently thought their libraries places for public intellectual recreation, instruction, and improvement. The custodians of our great national collections, on the other hand, looked on the books with a jealous eye, considering the presence of readers a mere afterthought, if not a positive nuisance, to be sternly repressed. This, unfortunately, is not an exaggerated account of the impression made by the speeches. The object of the officials of the British Museum who spoke was either to palliate or to advocate measures calculated to diminish the number of students. Here they were wholly at variance with Sir Redmond Barry, from Melbourne, with Mr. Poole, from Chicago, and with the public librarians in our own manufacturing towns. Who that has been at Birmingham or Manchester does not remember the noble free libraries, the kindly welcome and efficient help of the custodians? One of our American guests told an anecdote which must have made the hair of the President of the Congress to stand on end. He was a Mr. Green, from Worcester, not the Mercian city of that name in England, but its namesake in Massachusetts. This strangely misguided librarian evidently expected applause when he related to his astonished audience the history of a "public collection of books given to a certain town in America." This collection, he said, "was rarely consulted." That a collection should have been rarely consulted seems to have struck Mr. Green as a circumstance which required immediate alteration. How such an idea was communicated

to him does not transpire. He did not learn it in England, at Hereford, or at Warwick, or even in the British Museum. Nevertheless, however acquired, he determined to act on it, and was not ashamed to tell the assembled members of the Congress that, "by going to the door and welcoming the people as they came in, &c., he increased the numbers from 7,000 in the first year to 10,000, 15,000, and 27,000 in the fourth year." To what form of persuasion he referred under the general term "&c." we are unable to decide; but, putting it negatively, we should say it did not consist in treating each reader as if he was a convicted felon, severely examining his ticket at intervals of a few minutes, seating him in a thorough draught for three-quarters of an hour before he could get a book, and refusing him even that unless he could find its full title in a labyrinthine catalogue. There are many of the rules at the British Museum which seem to be framed on the principle that the reader is the librarian's natural enemy. No one can complain of the courtesy of the attendants at the Museum, and the gentlemen who have charge of the reading room go very far beyond the letter of their duty in their efforts to help bewildered strangers. But although there have been great improvements effected in the arrangements for readers within the last year or two, the Museum authorities would still be much the better for a little of the spirit of such librarians as Mr. Green.

Mr. Green's personal experiences were followed at the Conference by some reminiscences of great readers, such as Thackeray, and the discussion became general on the practical question of giving readers access to the shelves. Mr. Smith, of Philadelphia, was for allowing the books to be visible behind glass doors; a plan which would not answer badly could the reader be assured that the lettering accurately described the book. At the British Museum, for instance, a recent student, having for years inquired vainly for a certain volume, discovered it last month, bound up with another book and uncatalogued. No view of backs could have enabled him, without the assistance of a clairvoyant, to guess that the pages he had so long desired to see lay hidden there. Mr. Nicholson, the librarian of the London Institution, at whose house the meetings took place, said that, though he allowed books to be taken down, he did not allow them to be put back, except by the librarians. Here, no doubt, Mr. Nicholson hit the mark; but the objection made by various speakers that so numberless books would be constantly out is a fatal one, except where the attendants are many and brisk. In some ways no doubt it would work well at the British Museum. A reader who wants one book often now sends for half-a-dozen only to ascertain that he does not want them. This he could do in an instant at the shelf. The number of attendants left at leisure would perhaps be sufficient to attend readers authorised to search. Dr. Dewey, another American librarian, mentioned that in his library certain classes of students were admitted, under special permission, to the shelves. It is greatly to be hoped, in the interest of research, that the hints thus put forward may be acted upon in an enlightened spirit by the authorities of our great library. It would be easy to attach the privilege to a certain public standing; and it would be easy also to reserve certain specially precious volumes. But it is absurd to say that the fellows of a learned Society, the members of the bench of Bishops, the Council of the College of Surgeons, and hundreds of other public men, are not as well worthy to be trusted at a bookcase as an attendant for whose personal respectability the Museum has only the character he brought from his last master.

On the subject of admissions also there was a division in the ranks of the librarians. We are not aware that anyone was found bold enough to stand up for the restrictions in force at the British Museum, except Mr. Martineau, who, by the extraordinary reason he gave for their adoption, showed them to be without excuse. He said it was chiefly a question of space. The Report does not state whether Mr. Martineau blushed for his impoverished country as he made this admission, and told the assembled librarians of Europe and America that the younger readers being chiefly from London colleges, and using ordinary class-books, there was much room gained by excluding them. Mr. Nicholson, in opposition, cited his own experience, and added that a man might be a Fellow of his college and a Bachelor of Arts, and yet be ineligible as a reader at the British Museum. Mr. Poole, of Chicago, pointed out that it was a mistake not to let young people have books, that from ten to fourteen is the "formative period" of their lives, that the American libraries were much frequented by young people preparing their themes, and that he had sometimes taken great pleasure in helping them. One cannot but wish for Mr. Poole over here. He has carried out single-handed the greatest feat of cataloguing performed in our time, and yet he has time to assist a young reader who comes to work up a theme in his library. Mr. Poole's 'Index of Books' is a work of such importance that a special sub-committee has been appointed to arrange for its republication in England and America. Mr. Poole probably never had a tithe of the help, either in men or money, which we accord to our principal librarians; yet he appears to have made it a subject of serious thought how he could increase the number of his readers, and how, moreover, he could improve the literary taste of those who came. What must such an observer have thought of our way of managing things? It makes an Englishman feel ashamed to read Mr. Poole's speeches at the Conference on the admission of young persons, and other subjects of the same class. It is a comfort to find that at Sunderland the readers may come in at fourteen and may borrow books to take away at sixteen, and that at the Guildhall they are admitted at sixteen. Sir Redmond Barry, with a touch of that Irish humour which does so much to brighten a debate, suggested that, if it were necessary to deprive people of seven years' reading, it would be better to strike off the seven at the other end, and disqualify people at sixty-four. This reduction to an absurdity of the British Museum limit of age is worth half-a-dozen serious arguments.

The remaining time of the Congress was taken up with questions of shelving, binding, and cataloguing, all of them very interesting, no doubt, to librarians, but purely technical. The whole drift of the meeting, if we are not greatly mistaken, has been to bring into stronger light some of the questions of the day concerning the spread of literary knowledge. We are now educating an enormous population of readers, at least double the number who have ever read in a previous generation; and it is a matter for serious thought how we are to provide for the appetite we are creating in a thousand schools. But the question must first be solved with respect to the great central library of the nation. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Winter Jones will have his way, and be allowed to convert it into a mere library of reference for scientific and dilettante readers, a collection of curious books in handsome bindings, and that it should not rather become a double institution where every comer may find food for his mind, while the serious student will be helped by the knowledge of skilled librarians to choose what he requires, and provided with that seclusion and quiet which he cannot find in the Great Reading Room. After the thousands—nay, the millions, which have been spent in bringing the British Museum collections to completeness, it is ridiculous to talk of turning them into a library of reference. The mention by more than one speaker of such an idea shows that some project of the kind exists in the minds of the superior officials; and we can only say that its existence betrays a narrow-mindedness, a moral cowardice, a fear and impotence in the face of a great social problem, which such a man as Sir Antonio Panizzi or Sir Rowland Hill might have boldly met and solved for the benefit of posterity.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

II.

There are in residence in flats inconveniences which cannot be overlooked—inconveniences which need not exist, for they are entirely separable from the system, but which, since for the present they do exist, must be taken into account. Tradesmen, or rather tradesmen's carriers and messengers, look on them, except the ground floors, with an evil eye; they resent the stairs, and can ill bring themselves to recognise people whose front doors are not on the street as having separate addresses and requiring their goods to be delivered to themselves. Evidently the predicaments which may come of errandsmen choosing to regard the several premises of twenty or thirty families as indifferently occupied by all are unlimited in possibilities. It is not soothing, for instance, to the inhabitants of the remote and airy heights of a Westminster fourth or fifth floor flat, after having had to breakfast without milk, to learn, in answer to their resentful inquiries, that the milkman's conscience is clear and the milk a quarter of a mile off in the fathomless deeps of an area of whose existence they are scarcely aware and whence it is about as likely to get to them as if it were in the opposite house's coal-cellar. Nor is it conducive to feelings of neighbourly benevolence when the tenants of a downstairs and easily accessible flat find their abode treated as a good place for getting rid of parcels addressed to any other number within the same block of buildings, and their footman or their parlourmaid kept in a wrathful simmer by the persecution of irrelevant door-bell ringing. Then, enormous in proportion to ordinary house-rent as are the rents, and therefore inclusively the rates and housetax, paid by the householders of flats, these householders find their separate existence denied by the Post Office, which, lumping them together like the casual guests of an hotel, will do no more for them than leave their letters in the street-hall for fate and the porter to deal with—which is much as if, where some select square rejoices in the dignity of gates, the postal delivery to each house should be accomplished by the postman's leaving the letters at the gates for the gatekeeper to distribute at his leisure. The tenant of perhaps only a room or so in a block of chambers or offices is allowed his citizen's share of the conveniences of the public postal service, albeit he have not sole and undivided use of the main door on the street; but the tenant of a whole distinct residence in a block of household residences learns that, so far as the Post Office is concerned, he had better, like Peter Schlemihl, have parted with his shadow than have foregone his Briton's birthright of a street-door.

Then—to come to the disadvantages really inherent in the flats themselves as generally constructed at present—there is too frequently a deficiency of needful offices and appliances for carrying on the work of a household. The same confusion of ideas which leads to the builder's fallacy that a small family must necessarily require small rooms, not merely few rooms, appears to have presided over the planning of the domestic offices in flats. It seems to have been assumed that, because families living in flats have respectively fewer rooms than would have gone to a house containing accommodation to their requirements *plus* the supernumerary and uninhabitable back-rooms and cells which seem inevitable to London single-house architecture, their scale of living will be of an untoilsome simplicity requiring neither larder, scullery, nor butler's pantry, and that everything they can possibly want to have cooked or cleaned or stored is provided for by the small kitchen with its sink, and its dresser, and its little kitchener-grate barely affording space for a family dinner on the simplest scale to be cooked at it. Peabody's trustees appear to have larger views of the scullery-work and stowage needs of household life in their workmen's homes than do most of the builders of these high-rented flats, where well-to-do people are meant to live in well-to-do style and to give dinners and crushes to well-to-do friends. The sorrows of the housekeeping matron and her discomfitures in the daily war against dirt and disorder, though of another kind than in her former layers of house from basement to attics, with dirt-cupboards on every landing and unlimited capacities for mess-holes everywhere, are only a little less amid the inconveniences and impossibilities of the overcrowded kitchen serving for every sort of domestic purpose at once and badly off in appurtenances for any. And there is another great fault in the arrangements connected with housekeeping in these flats, one which inspires us with small respect for the perspicacity of the landlords as to their primary interests in the long run—the question of their humanity may be left to the anti-vivisection societies. It is the very general absence of lifts; not merely of lifts to save unladen legs an upward journey—which may be looked on as a luxury—but of lifts for the ascent of heavy goods, sacks of coal and so forth—which ought to be looked on as a necessary. Since it is with questions of the comfort of those living in flats and not of those serving them from without that this paper has to do, not much need be said of the severe labour inflicted and its possible injuriousness, although indeed it can by no means be thought that such considerations do not very appreciably lessen the comfort of the dwellers in flats, doubtless causing them unsatisfactory sensations as if they were oppressors of their kind: but the resentful illtempers, the complaints, the demands for fees out of all permissible proportion to the value of the goods delivered, the growlings, and the gibes, of the unwilling Atlases who, groaning and grumbling, stagger up the stairs with their burdens, must be counted as a materially manifest discomfort which it needs neither imagination nor sympathy to feel.

But not one of these drawbacks is inevitable to flats—tradesmen will come to understand that in England as in France or Italy customers may be distant from them by the height of their homes as well as by any other form of distance for errandsmen to tread; the householders of flats, being a by no means unimportant body of citizens and electors will, when they have had time clearly to perceive, themselves, that their houses are their houses, find means to impress an intelligent public department like the Post Office with the fact; newer mansions will avoid the defects of internal arrangement which dishearten intending tenants; and already lifts not only for goods but for persons are getting recognised by shrewd landlords as a needful appendage to their staircases if their flats are to continue popular. What remains against them from a co-operative point of view is that they continue the system of separate cooking, separate cooks. The leg of mutton is still the real master of the house.

There is, however, a way of escape from its tyranny, although it is one which has not yet been sufficiently tested for its success to be declared certain. Attempts have been made to provide the home privacy of the flat combined with the freedom from household cares of the hotel. You have your own dwelling, your own furniture, but not your own servants: your concern with your meals is to order them, to eat them, and to pay for them, and you have the privilege of finding fault with them without setting your Lucilla's cap awry. Free from the pangs of responsibility, she agrees with you that the cook really cannot serve cutlets properly, and enjoys them with the placidity of a clear conscience. You are hypercritical, but what is that to her? And, as the theory goes, you are to be supplied at moderate prices, rendered possible by the great economy of catering on a large and wholesale scale and making one large fire do the work of many small ones, as opposed to the high prices and inevitable waste of isolated purveying for each family and a grate at work for a single meal. In some of the mansions which thus offer us in our own homes the "world's best welcome" of an inn, if not in all, public rooms to be used at will complete the arrangements and afford something like the combined independence of a club.

The drawback to be apprehended is evident. With excellent servants, the inhabitant of one of these mansions

may live at ease among his household gods, waited on, in some respects by unseen hands, but waited on. But supposing the servants are not excellent? He has his flat on a lease, he has decorated it, furnished it—and he is not waited on. He shaves, and he can get no hot water, unless he provides it on Edward the Second's plan; his wife, as she offers an afternoon caller a cup of tea, shudders with the presentiment of despair, foreseeing that her friend will have gone home to dinner long before the operation of getting it brought will have been concluded; the housemaids are neglectful, the waiters supercilious, the cook impossible. Supposing this, or some of this—and the suppositions suggested have not all of them been drawn entirely from the writer's imagination—supposing this, what is the disappointed seeker after domestic amelioration to do? Only a house-agent can tell him.

If the attendance can be kept well-regulated and ample there seems no reason why this sort of home-hotel, or, as it is more generally, if less truly, named, co-operative home, should not be altogether successful. And such success would indeed succeed. The enterprising proprietors, as they counted their profits and knew themselves millionaires, might feel the conscientious joys of benefactors to their race and call themselves the liberators and saviours of the human householder. The appalling erection which, scowling over Westminster, grows and grows till it threatens to shut London out from the sun, with its tier upon tier of square flat windows, and its unpretending hideousness—hideousness so unpretending that it fills us with the sort of faith in its internal merits inspired by an uncompromisingly ugly woman—with its squareness, and hugeness, and obtrusiveness, looks like an exaggerated factory; perhaps it is a factory of domestic bliss.

If only the factories could supply domestic bliss at lower rents!

SHORT STUDIES FROM INDIA.

III.—PUNA.

Great is the change from Bombay to Puna. Bombay, with its rich vegetation, its rows of royal palms, its tame blue sea, is beautiful but thoroughly tropical. It is a beauty of the sensuous oppressive order, and one sighs over the vast luxuriance of the scene. Living in Bombay is like living in the centre of the palm-house at Kew. At Bombay one never enjoys what Browning so well describes—the mere physical pleasure of being alive. At the best, life is but a thing to be endured. But the moment you leave the lowlands of Bombay and thread the Bhore Ghaut (Pass) you begin to breathe a different atmosphere. The air of the Deccan is dry and clear beyond conception, but the sun is scorching. Puna nestling in a well-wooded hollow, with its numerous spires, looks from a distance more like a picturesque continental town than an Indian station. The capital of Maharashtra is certainly a pleasant spot, and it has this advantage over England—it possesses a climate. The mornings are always fresh, not to say cold; the afternoons from one to three warm, then delightful till sunset, which is chilly; the night is lovely—clear and bright, and the stars shine out like moons. Puna would be an earthly Paradise but for two things—the dust and the east wind. The dust is abundant, fine, and searching. It enters your eyes, your hair, your nose, and leaves a disagreeable taste in your mouth. The east wind is like the east wind in every quarter of the globe—"brings no one any good." Do we not read of it as "breaking the ships of Tarshish," and "drying up fruit" and "blasting ears of corn"? The modern lions of Puna are neither numerous nor deeply interesting. There is the too famous palace at Gunesh Khind, two miles from Puna, for which an allotment of 35,000*l.* was originally granted on the express instructions of the Government of India that that amount should not be exceeded, and which cost upwards of 160,000*l.* If half of that amount had been spent on irrigation works the cultivators of the Deccan would not now be suffering from famine. There is the College where we found the Hindu students reading Burke on 'The French Revolution' and Butler's 'Sermons.' There are pleasant gardens situated on the banks of the wide Múlá, and of a moonlit evening the view from them of the blue mountains and gleaming waters is full of peaceful beauty, and leads the memory back to happy evenings spent in Firenze la bella. As one walks down the broad terrace which overhangs the river a sweet luxurious scent from the *Michelia Champaca* causes one to realise Shelley's lines—

> The wandering airs they faint
> On the dark, the silent stream;
> The Champak odours fail
> Like sweet thoughts in a dream.

Native women are fond of wearing the yellow flowers of the Champa in their hair. It is said that, owing to its strong fragrance, bees refuse to extract honey from it, and the Hindu poets declare that the flower is deeply mortified by this neglect. "That thou art not honoured by the ill-disposed bee, why, O Champaka, dost thou so heavily lament? The locks of lotus-eyed damsels, resembling the fresh dark clouds adorning the sky—let these embellish thee."

The morning after our arrival at Puna we made an expedition to the Shrine of Parbuttee, which towers over the city. The drive to the foot of the hill is certainly picturesque, the road running along a wide sheet of water, whose banks are studded with grand old trees, and in the centre there is a well-wooded island on which grow one or two palms. Near the tank is a small villa, once the summer residence of the Peishwas; it is surrounded by the Hira Bâgh, or Diamond Garden, now in ruin and disorder, but filled with mangoes and tamarinds. After leaving the tank, we arrived at a hill covered with temples. A long flight of steep steps leads from the bottom of the hill to the very summit, and we found climbing them very weary work. We were conducted over the place by a lightly-clad Brahmin, who spoke English perfectly. He informed us that he was an ex-student of the college, and he took great pains to impress on our minds that he was no believer in idols, but that his office was hereditary, and man must live. He was also very anxious to know whether, if Russia came to India, she would confiscate property belonging to religious corporations. The largest temple contains a silver image of Siva, the destroyer, the third person of the Hindu triad. On Siva's knees sit his wife Parbuttee, and his son Ganesa; these two images are said to be of gold. Besides the temples there are the houses where the Brahmins live, and the ruins of the Peishwas' palaces. It is said that from one of its windows the last Peishwa saw his mighty host of men defeated by a handful of English on the battle-field of Khirkee. We had 2,800 men in all, out of which only 800 were Europeans. This is the history of nearly all our Indian battles. The courage shown in brilliant attack, the courage shown in coolness under danger, presence of mind and fertility of resource in the most terrible emergency, patient stoicism under pain, and self-denying devotion to duty, were the means by which we won our Indian Empire. How are we to govern it is the great problem that England has yet to solve. We have given the natives peace, order, and security from anarchy and oppression, but we have not won their loyalty or affection. Our power in India, after a century of rule, depends solely on disciplined valour.

On our way back we drove through the streets of the old Brahminical town. We saw some curious old houses, the exteriors of which are covered with figures of gods and goddesses, rudely painted in glowing colours. Here and there are large mansions, more or less in ruins, once the residences of great Ministers and Court favourites. Some are built round courtyards. One of the Peishwa's palaces is converted into an English school, where we found bright, intelligent Brahmin boys reading about "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain." In

passing through the city a narrow street was pointed out to us where the Peishwa used to cause offenders to be tied to the foot of an elephant and crushed to death. Grant Duff, in his work on the Mahrattas, describes how one of the Holkar family was put to death in this manner. "Having seated himself with his favourite Ballejee Koonjur at a window which overlooked the exterior court of his palace, Wittojee Holkar was brought before the Peishwa and there tied to the foot of an elephant; in vain did he offer up the humblest supplications for life and mercy; the execution went forward; Bajee Rao sat as a composed spectator, and heard the yells of the unhappy malefactor as the animal dragged him forth from the palace yard to a lingering death (as in this case it happened to be) in the public street."

At the time of our visit to Puna, Famine was raging in the land, but the only signs of it we could see were long lines of bullock carts laden with grain going into the stricken districts. One glorious morning, however, just as the dawn began to flatter the mountain tops, we rode out to a village eighteen miles from Puna, to see some relief works, and we were much struck with what we saw. The state of the country exceeded all description. Ranges of mountains girded by massive basaltic rocks, beyond belief fantastic in shape, and between them a broad-rolling country covered by not a blade of grass. At that season of the year it ought to have been smiling with green fields. Across the country we saw, like ants, long lines of workpeople. They were engaged on the Muhta Canal, the largest relief work in the Presidency. They were encamped in rude huts, like those of the Wrens of the Curragh, on the line of the canal. The labourers did not in the least look as if they were suffering from starvation, and they gave one the idea of being strong wiry men. The women had not pretty faces, but there is nothing like an Oriental woman for grace: the bust and waist are beauty itself. The sári or flowing robe is their chief garment, and it lends grace to the form, without concealing the superb shapes of the well-turned brown limbs. This sári consists of a very long narrow strip of cloth, which, after being first bound round the waist, is tucked up —one end of it behind whilst the other end is thrown gracefully over the shoulder. In addition to this some of the women wear a short spencer, called a *chuli*, covering the bosom tight, but leaving the greater part of the arms and the body, down to the waist, bare. They wear nothing on their heads, and their black hair shines like metal. Little brown children played in the dust, and they looked plump and shiny, and seemed to enjoy life in naked luxury. The chief complaint of the women was that they could not procure opium for their babes. We were much struck by the patience displayed by the executive officers in hearing the complaints, and their thoughtful regard for the welfare of the people. One painful sight forced itself upon our notice, and that was the number of people—whole families with all their household goods on their heads—who were trudging along the road in search for work. It was also sad to ride through villages entirely deserted; the people had driven their cattle to the hills, blocked up the doors of their mud-hovels, and gone to see if they could earn a morsel of food. It is, however, sadder to think that, after a century of our rule, whole districts should be depopulated by a single failure of the harvest, and the people have to flock to relief works to earn starvation wages. No darker picture was ever painted than Mr. Auckland Colvin's sketch, in his memorandum on the Deccan riots, of the present condition of the Koonbee or Deccan cultivator. "He is indebted on an average to the extent of sixteen or seventeen years' payment of the Government revenue. He has *nothing to hope for*, but lives in daily fear of the final catastrophe. . . . The survey which found him thirty years ago in debt, but with thousands of waste acres to fall back upon, returns to him, and finds him more in debt than ever, but with little or no reserve of waste acres. Nevertheless, it calls on him *for larger increased payments*, and the *marwari* (money-lender), on whom the increased payment falls, replies to the call, not by remonstrating against the assessment, but by squeezing fresh bonds or by taking his debtor into Court. The Koonbee's last state is worse than his first, and from all sides the pressure on him is increasing." After reading the above, written by a high Government official, it is difficult to convince oneself that our government of India is an entire blessing to its people, and a triumph of civilisation.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

CHAPTER XLI.

CHEERFUL VIEWS.

We knew nothing of this dire announcement, though it was in every one of the newspapers published in Chicago that day. We were full of curiosity about this wonderful city that had sprung up like Jonah's gourd; and as we drove through its busy thoroughfares—the huge blocks of buildings looking like the best parts of Glasgow indefinitely extended—and as we saw the smoky sky over our head streaked in every direction with a black, rectangular spider's-web of telegraphic wires—and as we caught glimpses at the end of the long thoroughfares of the tall masts of ships—we knew that we had indeed reached the great commercial capital of the Far West. And indeed we very speedily found that the genius of this big, eager, ostentatious place was too strong for us. We began to revel in the sumptuousness of the vast and garishly-furnished hotels; we wanted more gilding, more marble, more gaudy colouring of acanthus leaves. A wild desire possessed us to purchase on speculation all the empty lots available; we would cover every frontage foot with gold, and laugh at all the assessments that were ever levied. Look at this spacious park on the south side of the town; shall we not have a mansion here more gorgeous than the mind of man can conceive, with horses to shoot along these wide drives like a flash of lightning? We began to entertain a sort of contempt for the people living on the north side of the town. It was hinted to us that they gave themselves airs. They read books, and talked criticism. They held aloof from ordinary society—looked on a prominent civic official as a mere shyster—and would have nothing to do with a system of local government controlled by 30,000 bummers, loafers, and dead-beats. Now we condemned this false pride. We gloried in our commercial enterprise. We wanted to astound the world. Culture? This was what we thought about culture:—"It is with a still more sincere regret that the friends of a manly, vigorous, self-supporting and self-dependent people, fitted for the exercise of political liberty, see that the branches of culture called blacksmithing, corn-growing, carpentering, millinery, bread-making, &c., are not included in the course of studies prescribed for the Chicago public schools. Society is vastly more concerned in the induction of its youthful members into these branches of culture than it is in teaching them to bawl harmoniously and beat the hewgag melodiously." Yes, indeed. Confound their hewgags, and all other relics of an effete civilisation! And again:—"This city, and every other American city, is crowded with young persons of both sexes that have been 'cultured' by a vicious and false public school system in music, drawing, and other fanciful and fashionable but practically useless arts, but that are actually incapable, by reason of their gross ignorance, of earning an honest living. They have

acquired, under some well-paid 'professor' (who has bamboozled himself into the erroneous belief that he and his profession are necessary to the existence of society) some smattering of 'musical culture,' pencil sketching, &c., but of the practical arts and sciences of living and getting a living they are more profoundly ignorant than South-African Hottentots." What would our friends on the north side say to that?

"Bell," said the lieutenant, as we were driving through this spacious southern park, in the clear light of the afternoon, "I suppose that we shall be allowed to come up here occasionally from the ranch—what do you say?—for a frolic, and for to spend a little money? I would like to have one of these little traps—it is like the ghost of a trap—*he!* look at that fellow now!"

We looked at him as well as we could; but he had flashed by before we could quite make out what he was sitting on. In fact there was nothing visible of the vehicle but two large and phantom wheels and a shaft like a prolonged spider's leg; while the driver, with his hands stretched forward, and his feet shot out before him, and therefore almost bent double, was according to all appearance clinging on as if for dear life to the horse's tail.

"It would be very fine to go whizzing through the air like that—and very good exercise for the arms, too——"

"But where should I be?" asked his wife, with some indignation. Certainly a vehicle that seemed to have no inside at all—that appeared to be the mere simulacrum of a vehicle—could not very well contain two.

"Where would you be?" said the lieutenant, innocently. "It is Chicago. You would be divorced."

It was this recalling of the divorce-business that led us to see the announcement of the failure of Messrs. Balfour and Co. To tell the truth, we were not much interested in American politics; and while there were plenty of new things to be seen everywhere around us, we did not spend much time over the papers. But on this evening Queen T. had got hold of one of the daily journals to look at the advertisements about divorce. She read one or two aloud to us.

"There, you see," she remarked, addressing Bell more particularly, "you can run up here from the ranch any time you like and become a free woman. 'Residence not material.' 'Affidavits sufficient proof.' 'No charge unless successful,' and the only ground that needs to be stated is the safe one of incompatibility. So that whenever husband and wife have a quarrel, here is the remedy. It is far more swift than trying to make up the quarrel again."

"And a good deal more pleasant, too," remarks a humble voice.

Whither this idle talk might have led us need not now be guessed. The little woman's face suddenly grew ghastly pale. Her eye had been carelessly wandering away from that advertising column and had lit on the telegram announcing the suspension of Balfour's firm. But she uttered no word, and made no sign.

Indeed there is a great courage and firmness in this gentle creature when the occasion demands. In the coolest possible manner she folded up the newspaper. Then she rose with a look of weariness.

"Oh, dear me," said she, "I suppose I must go and get all these things out. I wish you would come and open my big box for me," she adds, addressing her humble slave and attendant.

But all that affectation of calmness had gone by the time she had reached her own room.

"See!" she said, opening the paper with her trembling small, white fingers. "See! Balfour is ruined—he has lost all his money—half a million of debts—oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? Must I tell her? Shall I tell her at once?"

Certainly the news was startling, but there was no need to cry over it.

"Oh, I know," she said, with the tears starting to her eyes, "if I were to tell her now, she will start for England tomorrow morning. And I will go back with her," she adds, wildly, "I will go back with her. You can go on to Colorado by yourself. Oh the poor child!—she will fly to him at once——" And still she stares through her wet eyes at this brief announcement as if it were some talisman to change the whole course of our lives.

"Come, come, come," is the patient remonstrance. "You have got to consider this thing quietly, or you may blunder into an awkward position and drag her with you."

"How, then?" she says. "It must be true surely."

"You are taking heaps of things for granted. If you consider that absence, and distance, and a good deal of covert lecturing have told on the girl's mind—if you think that she would now really be glad to go back to him, with the knowledge that people have got to put up with a good deal in married life, and with the intention of making the best of it—that is all very well. That is first-rate. You have effected a better cure than I expected——"

"Don't you see it yourself?" she says, eagerly. "Don't you see how proudly she talks of 'my husband' now? Don't you see that every moment she is thinking of England? *I know.*"

"Very well. Very good. But then, something depends on Balfour. You can't tell what his wishes or intentions may be. If he had wanted her to know, he would have telegraphed to her, or caused her father to telegraph to her. On the other hand, if you take this piece of news to her, she will appeal to you. If she should wish to go back to England at once, you will have to consent. Then you cannot let her go back alone——"

"And I will not!" says this brave little woman, in a fury of unselfishness.

"Well—the fact is—as it appears to an unemotional person—there might be, you see, some little awkwardness, supposing Balfour was not quite prepared——"

"A man in trouble, and not prepared to receive the sympathy of his wife!" she exclaims.

"Oh, but you must not suppose that Balfour is living in a garret of dry crusts—the second act of an Adelphi drama, and that kind of thing. People who fail for half a million are generally pretty well off afterwards——"

"I believe Mr. Balfour will give up every penny he possesses to his creditors!" she says, vehemently; for her belief in the virtue of the men of whom she makes friends is of the most uncompromising sort.

"No doubt it is a serious blow, to an ambitious man like him; and then he has no profession to which he can turn to retrieve himself. But all that is beside the question. What you have got to consider is your guardianship of Lady Sylvia. Now if you were to sit down and write a fully explanatory letter to Mr. Balfour, telling him you had seen this announcement; giving your reasons for believing that Lady Sylvia would at once go to him if she knew; and asking him to telegraph a 'yes' or 'no:' by that time, don't you see, we should be getting towards the end of our journey and could ourselves take Lady Sylvia back. A week or two is not of much consequence. On the other hand, if you precipitate matters, and allow the girl to go rushing back at once, you may prevent the very reconciliation you desire. That is only a suggestion. It is none of my business. Do as you think best; but you should remember that the chances are a hundred to one that Lady Sylvia sees or hears something of this telegram within the next day or two."

A curious happy light had stolen over this woman's face; and the soft dark eyes were as proud as if she were thinking of a fortune suddenly inherited instead of one irretrievably lost.

"I think," said she, slowly, "I think I could write a letter that would make Mr. Balfour a happy man, supposing he has lost every penny he has in the world."

Anyone could see that the small head was full of busy ideas as she mechanically got out her writing-materials and placed them on the table. Then she sat down. It was a long letter; and the contents of it were never known to any human being except the writer of it and the person to whom it was sent. When she had finished it, she rose with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Perhaps," said she, with a reflective air, "perhaps I should have expressed some regret over this misfortune."

"No doubt you spoke of it as a very lucky thing!"

"I can't say," she admitted frankly, "that I am profoundly sorry."

Indeed, she was not at all sorry; and from that moment she began to take quite a new view of Chicago. There could be no doubt that this person of High Church proclivities, who liked to surrender her mind to all manner of mysteriously exalted moods, had from the very first regarded this huge dollar-getting hive with a certain gentle and unexpressed scorn. What was that she had been hinting about a person being able to carry about with him a sort of moral atmosphere to keep him free from outside influence; and that the mere recollection of the verse of a song would sometimes suffice? Lady Sylvia and she had been talking of some of Gounod's music. Were we to conclude, then, that as she wandered through this mighty city, with its tramways, and harbours, and telegraphs, and elevators, that she exorcised the demon of money-getting by humming to herself, "Ring on, sweet angelus!" As she passed through the Babel of price-quoters in the central hall of the hotel, it was no echo of their talk that got into her brain, but quite a different echo:—

Hark! 'tis the angelus, sweetly ringing
O'er hill and vale;
Hark how the melody maidens are singing
Floats on the gale!

* * * * *

Ring on, sweet angelus, though thou art shaking
My soul to tears!
Voices long silent now with thee are waking
From out the years,
From out the years!

That may have been so; but anyhow, on the morning after she had despatched her letter to Balfour, she entered into the business of sight-seeing with quite a new spirit. She declared that Chicago, for a great city, must be a delightful place to live in. Away from the neighbourhood of the manufactories the air was singularly pure and clear. Then there were continual cool winds coming in from the lake to temper the summer heat. Had anybody ever seen grass more green than that in the vast projected park on the southern side which would in time become one of the most noble parks in the world? She considered that the park on the northern side was beautifully laid out; and that the glimpses of Lake Michigan which one got through the trees were delightful. She greatly admired the combination of red sandstone and slightly yellowed marble which formed the fronts of the charming villas in those pretty gardens; and as for drives—well, she thought the chief part of the population of Chicago must live on wheels. It was so rare to find this august lady in so generous and enthusiastic a mood that we all began to admire Chicago; and quite envied our relative the ranch-woman in that she would be able to forsake her savage wilderness from time to time for this centre of the arts and civilisation.

We revelled in all the luxuries of a great city, while as yet these were possible to us. We went to theatres, concerts, picture exhibitions. We drove out to the park in the afternoon to hear the band play. We purchased nick-nacks for friends at home—just as if we had been a party of tourists.

"Come," said our German ex-lieutenant, on the final day of our stay there, "this is our last great town, is it not, before we go away to the swamps, and the prairies, and to the bowie-knives? Shall we not dress for dinner? And I propose that the dinner is at eight. And we will drink a glass of wine to the prosperity of this fine town."

The women would not hear of this proposal in its entirety; for, as we had to start by train about eleven at night, they did not relish the notion of pulling out all their finery and putting it back again in a hurry. But we dined at eight all the same, and we did not fail to drink a glass of wine to the prosperity of that fine town. Long before midnight we were all fast asleep in snug berths, the train whirling us on through the darkness towards the country of the Mississippi.

LITERATURE.

VICTOR HUGO ON THE *COUP D'ÉTAT*.

Histoire d'une Crime. I. Première journée—Le Guet-apens. II. Deuxième journée—La Lutte. Par Victor Hugo. Paris: Calman Levy.

The story of the *coup d'état* has been told so often that it was not to be expected that Victor Hugo would have many new facts to tell. Nor was it to be expected that his narrative would be distinguished by historical or philosophical calm. As readers of *Napoléon le Petit* will readily believe, the so-called history is thickly interspersed with magnificent passages of invective and violent thrusts of sarcasm. Victor Hugo, it is hardly necessary to say, is never a cool, unimpassioned advocate, and this was written at a moment when his naturally fiery temper was inflamed to fever heat, poured out like boiling lava in the height of his first rage at the consummation of the *coup d'état*, "when the fight was done, when he was dry with rage and extreme toil, breathless and faint."

The opening chapter gives wonderfully vivid expression to the contemptuous indifference with which the news was received that Louis Bonaparte was preparing to resort to force. "On the First of December, 1851," the History begins, "Charras shrugged his shoulders and unloaded his pistols." Illegal violence on the part of M. Louis Bonaparte was too absurd a supposition.

> People did not then say "What a crime!" but "What a farce!" For, after all, people reflected. Crimes require stature. Some crimes are too great for some hands. To make an 18th Brumaire, one must have in one's past Arcola and in the future Austerlitz. It is not given to the first comer to be a great bandit. People said:—"Who is then this son of Hortense? He has behind him Strasbourg instead of Arcola, and Boulogne in place of Austerlitz; he is a Frenchman born Dutch and naturalised Swiss; he is a Bonaparte *mâtiné de Verhuell*; he is only celebrated for the simplicity of his imperial pose; and whoever should pluck a feather from his eagle would risk having a goose quill in his hand. That kind of Bonaparte is not in fashion in the army; it is a counterfeit effigy, more or less of lead, and certainly French soldiers will not give us rebellions, atrocities, massacres, outrages, and treachery in change for this false Napoleon."

There were some members of the Assembly who retained a certain doubt, and shook their heads occasionally. But the majority of them were of the same mind as Charras when he unloaded his pistols. Victor Hugo here thoroughly confirms Mr. Kinglake's view of the advantage that Napoleon derived from his indifferent reputation. "His doubting and undecided nature was a help to concealment, for men got so wearied by following the oscillations of his mind that their suspicions in time went to rest, and then, perhaps, when he saw that they were quite tired of predicting that he would do a thing, he gently stole out and did it."

The whole of Victor Hugo's manifesto is devoted to a highly dramatic—indeed, a theatrical—account of the progress of the *coup d'état* up to the end of the second day, where the narrative breaks off to be resumed on December 2 next, "*date convenable.*" M. Hugo's descriptive and oratorical powers are exerted to their utmost to present the picture in vivid contrast of light and shade; but beyond marking the contrast as strongly as possible, he does not add much to the existing knowledge of the facts. It is obvious, however, that M. Hugo, moving as he did in the very thick of the tumult, being one of the most prominent of the Republican leaders, and present at nearly all their counsels, is possessed of more correct knowledge of much that occurred—knowledge that will serve now to correct the accounts of others. Thus, for example, the description of the barricade, where Baudin died, differs in several details from the following relation by Kinglake:—

Several members of the Assembly went into the Faubourg St. Antoine, and strove to raise the people. These Deputies were Schœlcher, Baudin, Aubry, Duval, Chaix, Malardier, and de Flotte, and they were vigorously supported by Cournet, whose residence became their headquarters, and by Xavier Durrieu, Kesler, Ruin, Lemaitre, Wabripon, Le Jeune, and other men connected with the democratic press. More, it would seem, by their personal energy than by the aid of the people, these men threw up a slight barricade at the corner of the Rue St. Marguerite. Against this there marched a battalion of the 19th Regiment; and then there occurred a scene which may make one smile for a moment, and may then almost force one to admire the touching pedantry of brave men, who imagined that, without policy or warlike means, they could be strong with the mere strength of the law. Laying aside their firearms, and throwing across their shoulders scarfs which marked them as Representatives of the People, the Deputies ranged themselves in front of the barricade, and one of them, Charles Baudin, held ready in his hand the book of the Constitution. When the head of the column was within a few yards of the barricade, it was halted. For some moments there was silence. Law and Force had met. On the one side was the Code democratic, which France had declared to be perpetual; on the other a battalion of the line. Charles Baudin, pointing to his book, began to show what he held to be the clear duty of the battalion; but the whole basis of his argument was an assumption that the law ought to be obeyed; and it seems that the officer in command refused to concede what logicians call the "major premiss," for, instead of accepting its necessary consequence, he gave an impatient sign. Suddenly the muskets of the front-rank men came down, came up, came level; and in another instant their fire pelted straight into the group of the scarfed Deputies. Baudin fell dead, his head being shattered by more than one ball. One other was killed by the volley; several more were wounded. The book of the Constitution had fallen to the ground, and the defenders of the law recurred to their firearms. They shot the officer who had caused the death of their comrade and questioned their major premiss. There was a fight of the Homeric sort for the body of Charles Baudin. The battalion won it. Four soldiers carried it off. Plainly this attempted insurrection in the Faubourg St. Antoine was without the support of the multitude. It died out.

Let us compare this with Victor Hugo's account from the point of the arrival of the soldiers. Victor Hugo himself was to have been present, and at the moment of the engagement was doing his utmost to reach the spot, but arrived just too late.

The moment approached.

"Citizens," cried Schœlcher, "do not fire a shot; when the army and the Faubourgs fight, the blood of the people falls on both sides. Let us first speak to the soldiers."

He mounted on one of the baskets which formed the barricade. . . .

Schœlcher raising his arm with authority made a sign to the captain commanding the first platoon to pause. The captain made a negative sign with his sword. All the second of December was in those two gestures. The law said "Stop!" The sword said "No!" The two companies continued to advance, but at a slow pace, and keeping their spaces. Schœlcher descended from the barricade into the street. De Flotte, Dulac, Malardier, Brillier, Maigne, and Bruckner followed him.

Then a fine sight was to be seen.

Seven representatives of the people, without other weapons than their scarves, that is to say, majestically clad in law and right, advanced into the street outside the barricade, and advanced directly upon the soldiers, who waited for them. . . . On seeing the seven Deputies approach, the soldiers and officers stood for a moment stupefied. Nevertheless, the captain signed to the representatives to stop. They stopped, and Schœlcher said gravely, "Soldiers, we are the representatives of the sovereign people; we are your representatives; we are those elected by universal suffrage. In the name of the Constitution, in the name of universal suffrage, in the name of the Republic, we who are the National Assembly, we who are the law, order you to join us; we call upon you to obey. We are your chiefs. The army belongs to the people, and the representatives of the people are the chiefs of the army. Soldiers, Louis Napoleon violates the Constitution; we have outlawed him; obey us."

The officer who commanded, a captain, named Petit, did not let him finish.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have my orders. I am of the people. I am like you a republican, but I am only an instrument."

"You know the Constitution," said Schœlcher.

"I only know my orders."

"There is an order above all orders," replied Schœlcher, "which rules the soldier as the citizen—it is the law."

He turned again to the soldiers to harangue them, but the captain cried, "Not a word more. You shall not continue. If you add a word more, we fire."

"What does it matter to us?" replied Schœlcher.

At this moment an officer on horseback arrived. It was the chief of the battalion. He spoke for a moment low down to the captain.

"Gentlemen representatives," cried the captain, shaking his sword, "retire, or I fire."

"Fire," cried De Flotte.

The representatives—strange and heroic copy of Fontenoy—took off their hats and faced the guns. Schœlcher alone kept his hat on his head, and waited with folded arms. "Charge," said the captain. . . . When the bayonets were so near the representatives as to touch their breasts, they turned aside of themselves, and the soldiers, with a unanimous movement, passed between the representatives without doing them any harm. . . . Striking fact, in spite of the order given by the chiefs, the two companies arrived in succession at the representatives with bayonets crossed, and turned aside. The order commands, but instinct rules; the order may be crime, but the instinct is honour. . . . Nevertheless, those at the barricade became uneasy, and, seeing them surrounded, wished to aid them. Someone fired, and the unhappy shot killed a soldier between De Flotte and Schœlcher. The officer who commanded the second platoon passed near Schœlcher as the poor soldier fell. Schœlcher pointed out the fallen man to the officer.

"Look, lieutenant," he said.

The officer replied, with a despairing gesture, "What would you have us do?"

The two companies replied to the shot by a general volley, and hurled themselves upon the barricade, leaving behind them the seven representatives, stupefied to find themselves still living.

The barricade replied by a volley, but it could not be held. It was taken.

Baudin was killed. . . .

Bourzat, who was near Baudin, with Aubry (Du Nord), had his cloak torn by a bullet. One detail must be noted—the soldiers took no prisoners in this barricade. Those who defended it dispersed in the streets of the Faubourg, or found shelter in neighbouring houses. The representative Maigne, pushed by frightened women behind an alley gate, found himself shut in with one of the soldiers who had just taken the barricade. A moment later the representative and the soldier went out together. The representatives were able to quit freely this first field of battle.

The accomplices of the President in his *coup* are drawn with the same passionate severity which appears in every epithet applied to the chief actor. The following, for example, is the description of Morny, whom Mr. Kinglake indicates as the "practical man," who precipitated the crisis by overcoming the hesitating scruples of Louis Napoleon:—

He who writes these lines knew Morny. Morny and Walewsky had, in the reigning quasi-family, the position, the one of royal bastard, the other of imperial bastard. Who was this Morny? Let us say. A prominent figure in society, an intriguer of easy temper, a friend of Romieu and a supporter of Guizot, having the manners of the world and the morals of Roulette, content with himself, witty, combining a certain liberality of ideas with the acceptance of useful crimes, finding the means of making a gracious smile with ugly teeth, leading a life of pleasure, dissipated but concentrated, ugly, good-humoured, ferocious, well dressed, intrepid, willingly leaving under lock and key his brother the prisoner, but ready to risk his head for his brother the Emperor, having the same mother as Louis Bonaparte, and, like Louis Bonaparte, some father or other, able to call himself Beauharnais, able to call himself Flahaut, and calling himself Morny, pushing literature to vaudeville and politics to tragedy, a fast killer, having all the frivolity reconcilable with assassination, who might have been outlined by Marivaux on the condition of being completed by Tacitus, without any conscience, infamous and amiable, at need a perfect duke. Such was this malefactor.

That 'L'Histoire d'une Crime' is a magnificent piece of writing all will be ready to admit. But whether the present is a time at which its publication is to be welcomed or deplored is another question. It is deliberately intended to have an effect on the forthcoming elections. It is intended as a political pamphlet. "Ce livre," the author says, in a fly-leaf at the beginning, "est plus qu'actuel; il est urgent. Je le publie."

Viewed in this light, it only supplies an additional illustration of the fact that it would be for the advantage of all parties if poets could be persuaded to leave politics alone. Inflammatory invective, however masterly the hand that frames it, is not a good present to the Republican cause at a moment when moderation is the one great desideratum. The book is selling in Paris by the thousand, and might give a dangerous impulse to violent measures, were it not, as we may reasonably suppose, that his countrymen will make allowance for the well-known manner of their great poet.

ARABIAN *VERS DE SOCIETÉ*.

The Poetical Works of Behá-ed-Din Zoheir, of Egypt. With a Metrical English Translation, Notes, and Introduction. By E. H. Palmer, M.A. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press. Cambridge: University Press.

So difficult is it to bring out books of this kind, that English readers are almost as much indebted to the Syndicate of Cambridge University as to Mr. Palmer himself, for what, without them, they might have never got—this admirable and brilliant translation of a poet who—though absolutely unknown in Europe, save to a handful of Arabic scholars—has had the honour of furnishing some of the verses to the 'Arabian Nights.' The Arabic text has appeared in a previous volume. Avoiding an extreme literalness on the one hand, and a too great paraphrastic freedom on the other, Mr. Palmer has done what all translators should do—he has endeavoured to convey to the English reader "exactly the same impression as the Arabic original would have conveyed to an Arab." To translations from the Arabic, more perhaps than to any other, Denham's remark applies, that "Poesy is of so subtle a spirit, that in the passing out of one language into another it will evaporate." There is no evaporation here, however. For the production of a translation so vital, so sparkling, fluent, and musical as this, it seems to us that mere scholarship, however ripe, and mere metrical skill, however cunning, are not enough: another factor seems to be necessary—a factor which can only be called genius.

Of course the great constriction of the laws of Arabic prosody—indeed, of all Asiatic prosody—renders any attempt to reproduce the metre of the original an exercise of mere pedantic ingenuity. Once only has Mr. Palmer ventured upon this—in the poem called "Reconciliation"—and then only to furnish a specimen from which the English reader can see how impossible it is to reproduce a metre in which the same rhyme has to be repeated in every alternate line. It is this artificiality and arbitrariness of form which gives a sense of barbarism to even some of the best Asiatic poetry. The progress of poetic form, like the progress of the body politic, is a progress from lawless freedom, through tyranny, to freedom that is lawful. This we see in Western literature—most especially, perhaps, in those barbarous Latin rhymes of the first half of the tenth century which preceded the outbursts of song on the north and south of the Loire—notably in that military song of about 924 A.D., composed to be sung by the Modenese soldiers on guard against their Hungarian enemies, where the rhyming is not that of alternate lines, as in Persian and Arabic poetry, but actually of all the lines with each other, an exercise of barbaric ingenuity far surpassing that of the Asiatics themselves. Yet, in speaking of Arabian poetry, we use the word "barbaric" only in the artistic sense, and in relation to ideal poetic form. For the production of that species of the Poetry of Ingenuity which is known as *vers de société*, the Oriental mind is more fitted than the Western, and the Arabic mind perhaps more than any other; and this may be because, with them, worldly verse can be at once realistic and sufficiently rich in poetic colour to bring it within the fairy domain of poetry. In Western literatures worldly verse—owing to the dead, dull, prosaic texture of Western life—must, to become poetry at all, be so idealistic in its pictures as to lose that special charm for which it set out, and which, indeed, is its only *raison d'être*—truthfulness of representation. And this was so in the time of Horace as much almost as now.

Those verses of El Behá Zoheir, which are given in the memoirs of the poet by Ibn Khallikán, in his 'Lives of Eminent Men' (recited to him at Cairo by the poet himself), are by no means characteristic of El Behá Zoheir's muse, which was playfully satirical rather than gravely sentimental, as those specimens might lead us to suppose; that is to say, it was Arabic to the core. And here we may, perhaps, pause for a moment to say that nothing is more striking than the loose way in which writers of the greatest intelligence will sometimes speak of "Oriental literature," as though it were inspired by a spirit fundamentally the same; whereas it is quite as various—in the matter of poetry—as European literature. Even so admirable a critic as Sismondi, contrasting what he calls "Oriental poetry" with Greek poetry, says—"the poetry of the East is entirely lyric or didactic." To talk thus of the "poetry of the East" is as though one should talk of the "poetry of the West," and include in one category the Völsunga Saga and the tragedies of Racine, or should class Marlowe with Pushkin, and Shakespeare with Dante and Ariosto. If we are to talk of the "poetry of the East" in this way, we must include in one and the same category the two great Indian epics—all the Indian drama—the famous and heterogeneous "Eight Paradises" of the Western Turkish, and the no less mixed "Charming Company" of the Eastern Turkish; the mystical stories of Jami, Hatifi, Nizami; besides all that rich mine of poetical tradition on which Ferdusi built—such stories, we mean, as "Zal, the Fair-haired," and the exploits of the "Builder of the Forty Pillars" and "Owner of the Magic Cup." And Sismondi—as if this confusion were not enough—goes on to discuss in the same breath, and as though they were closely affined, the Arabian Casside of Amralkeisi—one of the seven poems suspended in the Temple of Mecca—and the Shánáma of Ferdusi. Now, the fact is that, between Arabian poetry and all other Asiatic poetry—Persian no less than Indian or Tatar—there is—notwithstanding a few superficial resemblances in manner—a difference in kind. Judging from Mr. Chamberlain's translations of the Japanese short odes, Arabian poetry is more like the poetry of the distant Japanese than that of any of its nearer neighbours. Between such poetry as Ferdusi's and Arabian poetry there is about as much likeness as there is between the poetry of Keats and the poetry of Gresset. The wings of the Persian imagination are not so much "*bright* with beauty" as heavy with it—heavy as the wings of a golden pheasant—steeped in beauty, like the "tiger-moth's deep damasked wings." On the other hand, the wings of the Arabian imagination are "bright with beauty"—brilliant as an Eastern butterfly's, quick and agile as a dragon-fly's or a humming-bird's. To the eye of the Persian poet, the hues of the earth are (as Ferdusi says of the garden of Afrasiab) "like the tapestry of the kings of Ormuz; the air is perfumed with musk, and the waters of the brooks are the essence of roses. . . . The pheasant majestically advances, proud of its beautiful plumage, whilst the turtle-dove and the nightingale tremblingly descend upon the lower branches of the cypress; a paradise blooms around. The plains and the hills are covered with young girls more beautiful than the angels."

And to the Arabian the earth is beautiful no less; but it is the clear and sparkling beauty of the earth as she "wakes up to life greeting the Sabæan morning;" we feel the light more than the colour. Underlying all the richness and beauty of other Oriental poetry, unless the Japanese must be excepted, there is a sense of mystery; the deep beauty is stained with a deeper consciousness of the painful riddle of the earth. But the sprightly Arab has nothing sad or morbid in his blood. His poetry is as transparent as the joyous sunshine in which he moves. In the 'Arabian Nights,' for instance

—whichever of the tales may have come from Indian sources, whichever from Persian—those tales which are, and must be, of pure Arabic growth we cannot mistake—the paternity of these we know at once by their sprightliness, their joyous lookout upon life, their quenchless wit, and their exhaustless animal spirits.

What a people were these—once! The time has not even yet come, it seems, for a full and adequate recognition of the debt Europe owes to Arabian literature and philosophy. Leaving out of consideration the enormous influence of Arabic literature upon Spain—in France, both to the north and to the south of the Loire, Arabian inspiration may be said to have given birth to all that is best and characteristic, both in troubadour and *trouvère*. And some of those very elements of Gothic chivalry which are considered to be most characteristic and which are generally traced to the Teutonic spirit have come—could only have come—from Arabia. Not that the fact is surprising; but it is surprising that the fact is not recognised. The troubadour treatment of love as a fine art, indeed, must have come from Asia. It is the Oriental alone who really feels the æsthetics of love. Woman as a luxurious toy, rather than as a self-helping Amazon or Valkyrie—woman as a "thing of beauty," given to man not only as a slave but as a possession to cherish—a crowning adornment of an earthly Paradise and an earnest of the joys of a Paradise to come—though spiritualized indeed by Christianity—enters largely into the inspiration of troubadour, *trouvère*, and even Gothic singer—greatly modifying, in the last, the stern ideas of the North which made woman herself the warrior, of whom Brynhild was the type. And if the influence of Arabic writers has been great upon European literature, not less so has it been upon European philosophy.

But it is time to return to the poet-secretary himself. "Abu'l Fadhl Zoheir ibn Mohammed ibn 'Ali 'bn Yahyá 'bn al Hasan ibn Ja'far ibn Mansúr ibn "Asim el Mohallebi, el 'Atakí, surnamed Behá Ed Dín, the Secretary, was one of the most accomplished men of his time, and not only the best writer of prose and verse, but the best caligraphist." So says, in his 'Lives of Illustrious Men,' his friend Ibn Khallikán, to whom El Behá Zoheir gave, what Western poets, we believe, might sometimes give to their friends, "a certificate of proficiency in the study of his collected poems—*which were very numerous.*" "He was attached," says the biographer, "to the service of the Sultan, El melik es Sálih Nejm ed dín Abu'l fath Aiyúb, son of El melik el Kámil, in Egypt, and accompanied that prince to the East (Mesopotamia). . . . He told me that he was born on the 5th of Dhú'l Hijjeh, in the year 581 of the Hijra (February, A.D. 1186), at Mecca, and on another occasion he told me that he was born at Wády Nakhleh, which is in the neighbourhood of Mecca: *Allah knows which is right.*" The poet-secretary also—after the fashion of poets and of secretaries too—related to the worthy biographer his pedigree, and told him that he traced his descent to Abu Sufra. Allah knows whether he told the truth! For, if the Western pedigrees of Burke are mythical—if the pedigrees of successful Western poets are *most* mythical—what must be the pedigree of an Arabian poet who could not even be believed as to whether he was born in Mecca or Wády Nakhleh? Such a pedigree is perhaps the very sublime of myth. El Behá Zoheir was a little man, and—for an Arabian—of a decidedly light complexion. Not that his biographer tells us so, or, indeed, gives us any description of his personal appearance; but, after the approved fashion of contemporary criticism, we have inferred it from "internal evidence"—especially from the following poem, "To a Tall Brunette"—just as it has been clearly proved by the learned that Shakespeare was lame—by some lines in his sonnets. Indeed, we might, we think, on these principles, venture to classify *all* poems to "tall brunettes" as "erotics written by little men of light complexion." For such is the wise economy of Nature, and inferences are, nowadays, of so much more importance than facts.

ON A TALL BRUNETTE.

Erect and dusky is the maid,
  And like a limber lance she stands;
My heart before her feet is laid,
  My leading strings are in her hands.
Now Mentor must find fault and preach:—
  "Her figure's far too long," he says;
But such a mean and jealous speech
  His petty spite at once betrays.
"Now this," said I, "is good to hear,
  No better news could ever be,
For length of life is always dear,
  And she is life itself to me."
In one way, true, he may be right:
  She's long compelled me to complain
Of many a long and sleepless night,
  And many a long and weary pain.
But as for stature, I declare
  That that is not a fault at all,
The first of beauties in the fair,
  Is that she should be straight and tall.
The highest forts, I've often seen,
  A safeguard to their owners prove.
She is a noble fort, I ween,
  Will prove a safeguard to my love.

This is charming. There can, of course, be no doubt about the man who wrote it—his stature and his complexion. We should have even ventured so far as to say that his hair must have been red, but for two reasons; first, that this colour is more characteristic of the Western than of the Eastern erotic bard; and, secondly, that there are in the poems so many signs of his having no hair at all worth speaking of, and also signs that such thin crop as he did own was not red, but grey. On New-Shakspere-Society principles we have come to the conclusion, indeed, that he was bald, beardless, and grey. For, besides several poems of the most distressing kind, on the subject of his "premature grey hair," his most powerful satire is levelled against those "hairy fools" who seem to have been as common in Cairo in the thirteenth century as in London and Paris to-day, and as vexatious then as now to those poets who suffer from the depilatory effects popularly believed to result from excessive exercise of cerebrum or cerebellum. Here is one:—

ON A YOUNG MAN GROWING A BEARD.

Now is his face all fringed with hair,
  He who was such a saucy lad.
Once was his childish face so fair,
  Now it has lost what grace it had.
Pray Heaven to bless this eye of mine,
  That never could gaze enough! I said;
And Heaven be praised for that beard so fine,
  That makes his face like the back of his head!

This is severe, but quite pardonable under the circumstances; for, although a Western poet has declared that "no man shall say" which calamity is the most vexing, to an erotic bard to be prematurely bald or prematurely grey, both must, we feel sure, be grievously souring to the poetic blood. The following, too, is very severe:—

ON A FOOL WITH A LONG BEARD.

I know a certain fool who wears
A monstrous beard with bushy hairs.
I've searched inside it for his face,
But cannot find a single trace!
The Beard's notorious, while he
Appears an unknown quantity.
'Tis quite a raree show—a bull
That wears a beard so round and full,
And, if its age were only half
Would prove a second Golden Calf!
Ugh! such a beard! and, what is worse,
It is not even worth a curse!
Within it there is lots of room
For many a vermin-town and tomb!
Divide into ten times ten,—
One part would do for ten good men.
So bushy, bristly, and so big,
It is the envy of a pig.
'Twould satisfy the beast, I swear,
If it possessed a single hair.
Though on his face the thing has grown,
The subsoil is some carious bone.
'Tis dull and heavy, dark and brown,
Just like a rain-cloud o'er the town.
Its owner, sure, could never be
Of any honest family.

And he who such a thing could wear,
Would not be noticed anywhere.
Why, when he tries to walk abroad,
He'll stumble o'er it in the road!
And as he goes along, it must
Sweep on the ground, and raise the dust;
Its growth has hitherto endured,
Because it gets so well manured.

We are astonished to find that, vast as is the number of bores now extant and flourishing in London—and, according to a rough calculation once made by us, there exist during the season, from Piccadilly Circus to Brompton Hospital, a floating population of recognised and tabulated bores of various species numbering no less than eleven thousand two hundred and seventy—vast as is the number of London bores, London does not, if we consider its enormous population, seem to be so cruelly honey-combed, so riddled through and through, by bores as Cairo was in the time of the poet-secretary. Of Cairo bores, El Behá Zoheir is at once the historian, the classifier, the satirist, and the poet laureate. No poet-entomologist of the British Museum ever classified his butterflies with more originality and skill. But he does more than classify; he vivifies them with the genius of the dramatist, as well. Beginning with the bore general—the elemental bore—he proceeds to take up each variety one after the other, with a method that is quite Huxleyan and wonderful. We are sorry that we can give only a few of them.

BORES IN GENERAL.

There's a bore we never cease
Hoping we from him may flee;
But if e'er we're left at peace,
Comes a bigger bore than he!

THE SELF-COMPLACENT BORE.

A silly dolt, who wears my life away,
Has to my side continually stuck,
Close as my most familiar soubriquet,
That never leaves me—like my wretched luck!

An abject idiot "high gravel blind,"
Jeer as you will, he takes it all for praise;
More horrible, for his distorted mind,
Than broken faith or loss of prosperous days.

A mote is not so hateful to the eye,
A foeman's triumph were a lighter shock;
But, *entre nous*, you might as wisely try
To move a "Hill," or Khansa's brother "Rock."

THE FUSSY OR SELF-ASSERTIVE BORE.

I'd as lief have the Angel of Death for a guest
As *that* dolt. Not a friend has he ever possessed.
If you breathed but his name over water, I think
It would make it unfit for a person to drink.

THE CHATTERING BORE.

A stupid dolt I've met of late,
Has proved a most outrageous bore;
You'd think he were condemned by fate
To chatter on for evermore.
I'm only glad when he's away;
I'm only lonely should he stay;
He's plagued me now for many a day,
Lord! when shall I be free once more?

THE MELANCHOLY BORE.

That fellow puts all joy to flight;
His talk is like a winter's night,
Long, cold, and void of all delight.

THE BARNACLE BORE.

I live in bondage to a bore,
Ah, me! and what a bondage *is* it!
The more I shun him, all the more
He tries to plague me with a visit.
The more to put him off I try,
The more I find him on me creeping:
How many a time I from him fly,
Yet at my side I find him keeping.
He has no business else to mind
But mine, indeed he knows no other.
When shall I any respite find
From one who gives me all this bother?

THE UBIQUITOUS BORE.

I have a certain friend, but then
He has no sense like other men.
Where'er I tarry, all the while
He holds me fast in durance vile.
He has no soul—but on the whole,
Rocks do not often have a soul!
Meet him whensoe'er I may,
I count it an unlucky day.

ANOTHER UBIQUITOUS BORE.

I know a bore, whom, for his hateful mien,
I dread as though he were my fate pursuing;
Whene'er I say, "He will no more be seen,"
I meet him, just as though he were my doing.

THE CHOKING BORE.

You bore! whene'er you meet my eyes,
A lengthened anguish I endure;
A choking in my throat doth rise,
That nothing ever seems to cure.

Take all the virtues of mankind,
Your faults are twice as much, or more;
How shall I any method find,
To get away from such a bore?

I'm so perplexed upon this score,
That what to say I do not know;
By Heaven! you are indeed a bore,
By Heaven! you are a bore, I trow.

ANOTHER CLERICAL BORE.

If ever we say, "We are settled at last,"
His reverence enters for sure;
And every one of us is then and there cast
Into boredom, and rendered demure.

At our meetings he stammers and stutters; in fine,
A stopper he puts on us all;
And to sum up the matter, that reverend divine
A bore and a nuisance I call.

Perhaps on the whole the clerical bore works more mischief than any other species, on account of the extent of his field of operation. But it must not be supposed that El Behá Zoheir is nothing more than the poet of bores; though here he is perfectly the first of his own or any other time or country. He is the very chameleon of *vers de société* writers. Sometimes he is an Oriental Horace; sometimes he is Alfred de Musset in a turban, and purified of vanity and absinthe; sometimes he is Prior on those moral "clean-shirt days" of which that great master had a few; sometimes he is Praed, forgetful of his fine gentleman airs.

That we part with the poet-secretary with great reluctance this lengthened notice shows. We advise our readers to make his acquaintance at once. Copious as have been our extracts, they have done him and his translator no kind of justice.

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES.

A Pair of Blue Eyes. By Thomas Hardy, Author of 'Far from the Madding Crowd.' London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.

The appearance of Mr. Hardy's first three-volume novel in a popular form may be made the occasion for another word of criticism on it. Mr. Hardy's work is of that solid kind which bears and deserves repeated reading and repeated criticism. There are no novelists of our time, not excepting even George Eliot, who put more "brains," more intellectual effort, into their novels. In the last resort, all novelists must be paid by the interest of their results, and a novelist, like any other conscientious labourer, may work very hard and yet not succeed in producing an interesting result. It is for the general public to judge whether or not works of art are to their taste; success is the test of that cardinal merit. But there is another merit—the merit of setting up a high standard of artistic perfection and labouring diligently to reach it, the merit of earnest devotion to the higher aims of an art, which deserves independent recognition, and this merit Mr. Hardy may fairly claim. His novels may be said to have a narrower scope, a more confined horizon, than George Eliot's, because, hitherto at least, he does not seem to have concerned himself with those problems of the influence of race, creed, or pursuits upon character which engage so much of the attention of the authoress of 'Daniel Deronda'

and 'Middlemarch.' Both novelists are intensely occupied with character, but, while George Eliot studies chiefly the influence upon human beings of their "environment," as the philosophers call it, and chooses the setting of circumstance to illustrate this, Mr. Hardy's object is rather to illustrate the influence of one human being upon another, the interaction of characters, without much regard to how those characters came to be what they are. Then, too, there is a vast difference in their way of presenting character to their readers. The one is analytic, the other is dramatic—or rather, perhaps, we should say, narrative. George Eliot, finding her hands full with the exhibition of her various problems, evades the labour of bringing out the manifold aspects of a character one by one as they appear to the personages of the story. She takes the reader at once into full confidence as to the nature of an individual as soon as she introduces him or her. Perhaps this is necessary to enable us to follow her subsequent keen analysis of the influence of circumstances. At any rate it is an economy of strength; it saves the artist many anxious considerations of construction. Now, so far as an outside critic can judge, these considerations form a large part of Mr. Hardy's labours as a novelist. He labours to make his personages say and do things which mark their characters so unmistakably as not to need analytic comment to make them clear. He leaves the discussion of their morality and the philosophic exposition of their motives to the personages themselves, and to his readers and critics. His analysis is not served up raw; it is incorporated with the story.

'A Pair of Blue Eyes' deals with very simple, not to say hackneyed, elements—elements as old as human nature itself; it is only a story of a charming young woman, who falls in love with a young man, promises to marry him, remains faithful to her promise for some time while he seeks fortune abroad, but contracts, in spite of herself, a still stronger passion for a man of greater force and weight of character, after a struggle forsakes the old love for the new, and pays a terrible penalty for her faithlessness. Elfride Swancourt is the daughter of a country clergyman of an old-fashioned type. Their church is to be "restored," and a young architect, Stephen Smith, is sent down to Endelstow to make drawings. His appearance is prepossessing; Mr. Swancourt takes to him greatly, during the few days of his stay at the vicarage, leaves him much alone with Elfride, and invites him back. Naturally the young people fall in love. But before Stephen, a youth of twenty, obtains a promise from Elfride, he considers it his duty to tell herself and her father that he is the son of a mason in their own parish. This at once changes the aspect of affairs. She still loves him, and will marry him at any sacrifice; but the father, who had proved to Stephen, out of the 'Landed Gentry,' that he was one of the Fitzmaurice Smiths, and of a very old county family, will not hear of the match. The two wise young persons lay their heads together, and conclude that the surest means of ensuring mutual constancy during the years of separation that must elapse before Stephen makes his fortune, is to marry before they separate. Elfride, after much hesitation, undertakes a journey with Stephen for that purpose, but at the last moment she hesitates, turns, and comes back without having the ceremony performed. Stephen goes to India, and that is the end of Act the First. In Act the Second Mr. Henry Knight appears on the scene, a barrister and essayist, and the Act is occupied with his gradual substitution in the affections of Elfride in place of the image of the absent Stephen. It is not without a struggle that this substitution is effected, and Mr. Hardy traces all the incidents of the struggle with the most patient and unerring art. Our readers will remember the skill with which George Eliot analyses the changeful impulses that sway her Gwendoline in 'Daniel Deronda' now in one direction, now in another. Mr. Hardy's analysis is almost more elaborate and not less plausibly true to nature, although he never appears to be analysing, but lets us see the various impulses at work. And all the time he never lifts the poetic nimbus from the head of his heroine. Not a word or an action of hers is out of tune with the keynote struck by the quotation on the title-page—

> A violet in the youth of primy nature,
> Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
> The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
> No more.

No prose-poet ever excelled Mr. Hardy in justifying the ways of women. We do not blame Elfride, although in the ordinary and safe language of everyday life she would be called a jilt; we pity, but do not blame, being made to feel how inevitable it was that she should act as she did, that in spite of her sense of duty, the stronger man should supplant the weaker in her love. We admit the danger of the principle as a rule of life, we see mischief ahead in its applications, but we do not blame Elfride. Besides, she suffers tragically for her want of truth. When Mr. Knight—a somewhat impossible monster, a man of thirty-two, who has never kissed a woman in his life except his own mother, and has resolved that he will never marry unless he finds some girl who has never been in love before—discovers that Elfride has concealed her little episode with Stephen, which she did out of pure excess of love and fear lest she should lose her hero, he roughly casts her off. She marries another, in careless despair, but only to die a few months after her marriage. Mr. Hardy, with proper respect for art, does not obtrude physiological considerations, but at various points in the story he records without insisting upon certain consumptive symptoms, and we are left to infer that the excitement of her troubled experiences of love were too much for her fragile constitution.

Every chapter in Mr. Hardy's novels proclaims him a masterly analyst of character, who does not wield a scalpel, but resembles rather those daring pathologists of the Middle Ages who saw by direct vision into the interior of the human mechanism. He possesses the negative quality common to all the greatest masters in our literature—the absence of cynicism. There is not a trace of cynicism in his novels. He can draw cynical characters, but his own outlook is from a different standpoint. Even the cynic he draws with the same unfailing sympathy and tender-hearted consideration with which he regards the rest of the personages that he puts in motion on his well-appointed stage.

MR. VAN LAUN'S FRENCH LITERATURE.

History of French Literature. II. From the Classical Renaissance until the End of the Reign of Louis XIV. By Henri Van Laun. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1877.

It is impossible, within the limits of a review, to affect to give even a sketch of the whole scope of this work. We propose, therefore, to plunge at once into the fourth chapter, wherein the author treats of the times of Etienne Jodelle, Alexandre Hardy, and Corneille. Hardy, who, by-the-by, wrote no less than 1,200 dramatic pieces, "departed," as Mr. Van Laun says, "not a little from the senile classical fashion of the Pléiade, and has at least abundance of action and characters." He was indeed the forerunner of Corneille in the attempt to give a new impulse of life to the French drama. As to the work of Corneille himself, Mr. Van Laun observes with complete truth that "the classical bent had been given to the French character and taste even before Jodelle erected his stage, with such force and permanence that it was thenceforth impossible for a very long series of years that any literary production should make a deep impression upon the majority of educated Frenchmen unless it was cast in a distinctly classical mould; and this impossibility applied more stringently to the drama—to the polished poetic tragedy in particular—than to any other branch of literature. Tragedy must be purely classical or it would be abortive." And Corneille's departure from the purely classical method in the *Cid* had to encounter a perfect storm of opposition which might be said to prefigure that which

burst many years later on Victor Hugo's 'Hernani.' Most people will remember the celebrated distich:

"En vain contre le Cid un ministre se ligue,
Tout Paris pour Chimène a les yeux de Rodrigue."

This is not quoted by Mr. Van Laun, who indeed does not seem to us to attach enough importance to Corneille's romantic tendencies. We use the word "romantic" in the technical sense acquired in that combat between the so-called classical and the so-called romantic drama of which the history yet remains to be written. Théophile Gautier has, it is true, given us a stirring and brilliant account of one phase of its movement in his 'Histoire du Romantisme,' but he has not traced it from its rise to its latest development in the plays of Alfred de Musset. In these may be found the embodiment of Musset's opinion that the combat could not, and should not, end in a decisive victory for either party, but that it ought to lead to a blending together of the desirable points of each style. This is what we see in something as near perfection as can be reached in Musset's more markedly poetical dramas. In *Les Caprices de Marianne* and *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*, for instance, we have a completely artistic and completely effective grafting of the modern play of fancy upon the grandeur of the ancient tragic system. The stately if somewhat tedious verse is absent in these works, as are all the outward trappings with which Corneille and Racine signified their faith in the Greek drama. But if Musset abstains from these, the presence of an overpowering destiny is none the less felt because, instead of being expressed in measured sermonising, it is half-veiled beneath the sparkle of as witty and biting dialogue as ever was written. Célio, in *Les Caprices de Marianne*, bewails, in words of penetratingly beautiful sorrow, his hopeless love; Octave comes on the scene to tell his friend that this bedevilment of the spirits is but a passing phase, which will give place in time to his own deliberately comfortable view of the world and its worldlings; Marianne, keeping down the germs of passion beneath a weight of cold propriety and scorn, expresses a contempt she does not in truth feel for Octave and his shallow wisdom; Marianne's husband comes on, and makes us half laugh, half shudder at the grim humour of his jealousy; and behind all these people, through the unnumbered laughter of their talk, with its keen thrusts and its flashing conceits, we feel all the time the dim, nameless fate in the background, waiting the fit, and therefore dramatic, moment to enmesh them all in its dark, helpless net.

But our enthusiasm for Musset, whose works are to our thinking too little known and too little loved, has carried us away from Corneille, who would, if he had dared, headed more definitely the movement of emancipation from classical trammels. "From the classical point of view," says Mr. Van Laun, "the critics (who objected to the melodramatic character of the *Cid*) were right. Corneille, living in an essentially classical age, admitted the justice of the rebuke; and after four years' silence and study, he produced *Horace* and *Cinna*, in the severest classical form." All this is no doubt true in a sense; but however much one would prefer to think that Corneille was guided only by his devotion to his art, it is difficult to us at least to rid ourselves of the notion that the prospect of a chair in the Academy was present to Corneille's mind, and that that rather than any sense of "the justice of the rebuke" led him to return to the classical model, knowing that nohow else could he gain the desired prize. He had all Paris for him in the matter of the *Cid*, and on that point they were stronger than the minister. But the minister "couvrant tout de sa soutane rouge" was their master in the dealing out of literary prizes; and that being so, an author might well be tempted to sacrifice his conviction for the temporary reward of his ambition. That Corneille's classical pieces were masterpieces does not affect the supposition that if he had had the daring to break away from priest-rule his work might have been yet finer than it was. Indeed, that he did so much despite his fetters may be taken as a presumptive proof of the extent of his genius. And to see how thoroughly he was himself, and not the product of the groove in which he thought it well for the most part to work, we need only turn to the productions of his brother, Thomas Corneille, who, as Mr. Van Laun says, "proved that the old Latin saying, *Labor vincit omnia*, is not always true, for though he laboured hard, he could not overcome his want of talent. . . . He was an excellent brother, but not at all a first-rate dramatist." This fact is amusingly illustrated by an anecdote told by the late M. Laferrière of Dumas the elder. A minor dramatist bearing the same surname succeeded in having a small piece produced and applauded at Dumas's theatre. When the curtain fell, the happy author, coming up to his great namesake, exclaimed, "After this people will talk of *les deux Dumas* as they do of *les deux Corneilles*." Dumas looked at him, and said to him by way of dismissal, "Adieu, *Thomas*."

Mr. Van Laun will, we hope, pardon us for having paid so much attention to one part of his volume that we have no space left to contain our impressions of the rest. Our having done so may at least pass for a mark of our appreciation of the worth and importance of the whole.

PAULINE.

Pauline. By E. B. Walford, Author of 'Mr. Smith.' London: W. Blackwood and Sons. 1877.

'Pauline' is eminently a "nice" book. There are vulgar people in it, certainly, but their vulgarity is almost unnecessarily insisted upon; and we are given to understand that they are not fit company for the rest of the characters, whose connexion with them requires to be explained. The hero, if there be a hero, is supposed to be undefinably vicious, but the only details of his vices which transpire are a proneness to the utterance of heterodox theology, and a partial disregard for sabbatical ordinances, qualities which are doubtless disgraceful to their possessor, but which cannot in their recital tinge ever so slightly the cheek of the young person. There is a scheming mother, but as her designs extend no further than the marriage of her son to an heiress, the crime may be considered as sufficiently condoned by the penalty of failure. But though everybody is more or less good in the book, everybody is by no means polite. Perhaps we have not, in real life, quite reached the level of Mr. Black's characters, who always endeavour to be pleasant to each other; but it is not likely that a gentleman of mature age would "try to put a young lady in a passion" by a rude remark (vol. i. p. 97), even if he didn't know whether he is in love with her or not; nor is it probable that he would interrupt her at a dance after a harvest home, where she was standing up with a sailor from his own yacht in this way—"It was a great mistake. You ought not to dance with men like these." On this occasion, however, he was rebuked by "Miss Calverley of Calverley" with the "power of an empress," which notoriously belongs to persons "of that ilk" (p. 127). But another gentleman, who cannot really be the fool he is described, for he can play lawn-tennis by himself (p. 38)—a feat which would puzzle most people—is even worse, and actually replies to a lady, when she remonstrates with him at dinner for not talking to her, "When I do talk, Miss Jermyn, I like, if you please, to choose whom I will talk to" (pp. 246–7). But then Mr. Blundell, who is responsible for the two first observations, makes them while suffering from a sort of moral crapula, when a man, without feeling actually virtuous, is inclined to agree with Mauleverer that "vice is dull, dyspeptic, and degrading;" while Mr. Jennok, who is responsible for the third, is an intellectual non-combatant, and is being mercilessly chaffed by a clever girl who takes a mean advantage of his known incapacity for repartee. So that even the little sins of the people in this book are not so very sinful.

But we must not be taken as implying that the book is "goody." It does not present life, as Miss Yonge

and Miss Sewell do, from the point of view of the Sunday school teacher. In fact, it is a distinct advance in grasp and range on that shrewd and pleasant story 'Mr. Smith.' For though one would have willingly trusted that "Christian gentleman" with one's wife or one's spoons, yet one could not get rid of a lurking suspicion that in private life he would have been a bit of a bore, and that, if one had been shut up with him on a wet afternoon, one might have been tempted to use language neither gentlemanly nor Christian. Now with our present heroine there would be no such temptation. She may be rather too "bright and good for human nature's daily food," but her goodness is genuine, and not unmixed with the extremely feminine weakness of obstinacy, while her devotion to her not very refined or interesting brother is both natural and touching. Altogether her character, if not particularly attractive, is simple and consistent, and pleasant to dwell upon—free from all taint of conventional vulgarity, and unsullied by any meanness in her surroundings. For Mr. Blundell we cannot say so much. It is no doubt a great thing when one is wicked to know it, and perhaps a tendency to represent one's sadly erroneous views about religion in their crudest and most assailable form is a sign of grace. But a taste for reckless debauchery is somewhat oddly diversified by a disposition to regard the perusal of 'The Minister's Wooing' as a sin against light, while most people who regard such a proceeding as a crime at all would probably consider that it brought its own punishment. In short, Blundell is rather too like one of Miss Broughton's heroes turned maudlin, and adding the cant of self-conscious remorse to the *fanfaronnade des vices qu'il n'avait pas.* He is about the last person one would expect either the dignified and slightly puritanical Pauline, or so thoroughly charming and natural a girl as Elsie, to be enamoured of. Charlotte Jermyn, the loud, clever daughter of a country attorney, very unlike his namesake in 'Felix Holt,' with her kindly heart, her honest disposition, and her absolute want of tact, or taste, or feminine insight, is to our mind more skilfully and delicately touched off than Helen in 'Mr. Smith,' or even than the Moberlys in 'Joan.' Of the rest there is not much to be said. Most people will have known and respected some Lady Calverley, whose large heart and genial nature prevent the limitation of her intellect from being observed. Tom La Sarte, the cheerful, commonplace boy, growing into the active, commonplace man, hardly affects us much with his joys and sorrows, and we confess we rather grudge him the possession of so sweet a girl as Elsie Calverley, but we have no doubt he will make a good husband and father, and pay his debts as they become due.

The style of 'Pauline' is easy and smooth, but its grammar is somewhat slipshod, and there are traces of foreign idiom. "Mentally, *as at that hour*, she listened to the peal of cathedral chimes," may mean something, but we don't know what. "Neither she was" is not the usual order of the words. To "lie at the catch," for to be on the watch, or "very greatly ill-pleased," for very much displeased, are hardly classical phrases. A biblical reminiscence may or may not account for, but cannot justify, the "infant of days." And we never heard a bad rider described as having a "duffer of a seat." Some other awkwardnesses there are which might well have been avoided, such as a curious piece of bathos in vol. i. p. 90. Blundell is meditating on his good fortune in meeting Pauline. "Here is a beautiful, rational, lovable creature, all that fancy could suggest, all that reason could require. *Now, then, why may he not go in and win?*" At p. 217 there is a curious description of a girl, suggestive of the tombstone parodied. "Although possessed of more than one friend, she had never had a lover." It is careless to allude to Miss La Sarte, after she has been ruined, as having "beauty, birth, and *money*." But such slight blemishes are amply redeemed by many instances of acute observation. We know, for example, which sex has all the sentiment nowadays, and are glad to hear that Elsie "will grow up into a good, true, loving woman, like her mother, and she will not be overburdened with common sense."

To many readers of this book its pronouncedly religious character may seem a mistake. Theology is perhaps out of place in a novel, and certainly a flirtation is rather startlingly diversified by such a question as this;—"Then, Mr. Blundell, what benefit do you suppose we derive from the death of our Saviour?" And perhaps it is rather like hitting below the belt when a man says to a girl who has refused him, "And so departs all my chance in this world and the next." The authoress—for we are sure it is an authoress—writes with the manifest intention of doing good, and perhaps her success would be greater if her object were less plain. But with all its faults 'Pauline' is a book to be thankful for. It is not vulgar, nor mawkish, nor unwholesome. Dealing with the passions of men and women, and not with the sentimentality of the school-room or the artificial intriguing of "society," it preserves a purity of tone and a dignity of method not too often found in the novels of the day. If it shares with Mrs. Oliphant's works an undue emphasis on social distinctions, it does so unobtrusively, and without any touch of snobbishness. For in truth, while there is much observation of life and manners, and a great deal of quiet by-play, as in the loves of Tom and Elsie, it is all subordinated to a confident and tenacious faith in purity, and innocence, and unselfish effort. The sober narrative rises into almost tragic grandeur at the close in the contrast between the man who lived for others and the man who lived for himself, each overtaken by a sudden death, and each "dying as he had lived." There are few readers who will not part on kindly terms with the authoress of 'Pauline.'

MINOR NOTICES.

The Blue Banner; or, Adventures of a Mussulman, a Christian, and a Pagan. By Léon Cahun. (Sampson Low and Co.)—M. Léon Cahun, whose reputation as an Oriental scholar is well established, and whose long residence in Asia and knowledge of Asiatic customs are guarantees for the historical accuracy of his incidents, after exception has been made of the many anachronisms he has committed, has produced in the 'Blue Banner' a stirring story, such as boys love to read, in which the clash of sabre and battle-axe on armour and helmet, and the whirring of arrows, never cease. Djani, an Eighur Turk, is captured when young by a nomad tribe of Mongols just about the time when Djenghis Khan was preparing to play the part in Central Asia, which M. Cahun compares to that of Attila. Though a Mussulman, Djani is content, when he grows up, to cast in his lot with his Mongol captors, and becomes the faithful adherent of Djebe, the Merry-Hearted, and a Knight of the Djissoud-Bessed and the Blue Banner. Soon afterwards, the Mongols under Djenghis Khan and his leaders commence their victorious progress, and numberless battles are fought against various tribes of Central Asia, in which Djani acquits himself most valiantly, and enjoys the confidence of all his superiors. After the first victory, he and his two friends, Alak, and Marghouz, a young Keraït, drink each other's blood and become blood brothers, bound to assist each other under all circumstances. Between Djebe and Timour Melek, the Iron Knight, an implacable quarrel breaks out, which is interrupted by their separation on an expedition against Djamouke the Cunning. Djani is then sent with a message to Mahmoud Yelvadj of Bokhara, but on his way he learns that his friend, Marghouz, and his sister, Aiche, are in captivity with a foreign princess. His adventures in search of these three, and his rescue of the captives, form the greater part of the story. He is attacked by Turks, Persians, Arabs, by the Assassins of the Old Man of the Mountain, and by the Saracens, but manages to escape unscathed, and to rescue the three prisoners, the foreign princess turning out to be the Lady Raymonde, a daughter of Renald de Chatillon, one of St. Louis'

Crusaders, who had been carried off by the Old Man of the Mountain. Having brought her safely to the Christian camp, Djani meets with a German, a Sir Hugo of Weissenfels. This affords M. Cahun an opportunity to vent his anger upon the Germans in a manner that is highly amusing. Master John the Ermin calls upon Sir Hugo to come and bend the knee before the noble Lady Raymonde; but the young man, with that boorishness the French delight in attributing to the uncouth pillager of the milliards, simply kissed the young lady's hand with "an haughty air," without bending the knee, which so enrages Djani, the barbarian nomad, that the gift of tongues comes upon him, and he apostrophises him in "Frankish":—"Sir Hugo, of what's your name, for I should find it hard to pronounce the other name you mentioned, my name is Djani; I belong to the banner of Djebe the Wolf; my country is the great Desert; and I cannot stand fellows who are given to bragging." Finally, Djani bids him go to his father, the Devil, and the two are about to come to blows, when the Lady Raymonde interposes, and Djani expresses an opinion that the Teuton who had come to Damascus with John the Ermin, under the pretext of visiting the town, was in reality a spy. As might be supposed after this, M. Cahun does not rest till he has made the Teuton and his henchman guilty of all manner of mean acts, and causes Djani to slay him, with his squire, and one of his servants. The other two are badly wounded and carried off as prisoners; but soon afterwards, in an engagement with the Saracens, one of the Germans had his throat cut by a Kurd, and the other his back broken. Thus all the Germans were cleared off, and France, in some mysterious way, avenged. M. Cahun, however, seems to have been sorry that he did not keep one alive to serve as a butt for the rest of the story, for towards the end he makes Djani give an account of his having killed, "at the battle of Liegnitz, April 9, 1241, Henry, Duke of Silesia, Cracovia, and Poland, leader of the accursed Germans and villanous Prussians (for whom may God reserve a fitting place in Jehannum!)." This manner of keeping up the feeling against the Germans in France, and pandering to the popular view—or rather to the desires of the clerical party in France—by stigmatising the Germans as traitors, spies, and villains, is not to the credit of M. Cahun. The engravings, by J. Lix, are admirable. They are executed with a delicacy and with a colour that is very seldom met with in works of this class, and, from their historical accuracy, are almost more interesting and attractive than the text. The translation from the French by W. Collett Sandars is very well done, and with a little more care might have been made perfect. As it is, Mr. Sandars, in his desire to render it as idiomatic as possible, has committed almost as many anachronisms of style as M. Cahun has committed historical anachronisms. Such phrases as "all right," "settled their business for them," "twisting his sword about in his interior economy," strike harshly on the ear when we are plunged into mediæval times and modes of thought. "Firing upon our men," and "exchanging shots," also do not convey the idea of archery; and taken with the term "forming in platoon" leads one to imagine a modern battle with Martini-Henry rifles and Krupp guns rather than bows and arrows and mangonels. There is also no more reason for using the Mongol word *Tengri* for God than there would be for using the French *Dieu*. There is quite enough local colour in the book without that. These slight but disturbing blemishes can, however, be easily remedied in the next editions. That the book will be a success is certain. It gives an excellent idea of the wild hordes of Kurds, Khivese and Turcomans, who are now engaging so much attention. M. Cahun shows exactly what the character of these tribes is at present, and, as far as externals go, and the chronicles of the time allow, also of what they were in the stirring days of the Crusaders and Mongol irruptions.

Emanuel Swedenborg. By U. S. E. (James Spiers.)—In one of the concluding paragraphs of this little volume the author observes: "Swedenborg was one of four things. Either he was an impostor, Or he was a fanatic, enthusiast, or madman, whose eccentric, diseased, or superabundant imagination gave birth to the works he has produced; Or he was a mere spirit medium—a clairvoyant, whose utterances were either wholly or principally self-derived—a climber over the walls of separation wisely placed by Providence between terrestrial and celestial lands; Or he was a true Seer and teacher, raised up for specific divine purposes, and plenished from first to last with the zeal and wisdom required for his office." It is in one sense more or less true that any great original thinker may be brought under some such heading, and yet it is not absolutely correct to say that Emanuel Swedenborg must belong to any one of these divisions. The impostor theory is, of course, absurd as well as contemptible. It is, as a rule, pretty safe to believe that the pioneers of any movement have, to say the least, some belief in it. So little do we believe the impostor theory that we must decline to regard even the founders of the most foolish or fantastic forms of faith, from Dr. Dee to Brigham Young, as impostors; the men who deliberately say to themselves, "We intend to deceive the world, and abuse its understanding, to our own good and profit," are rare, and rarely successful. The Cagliostros generally "come a cropper" some time or other; the shams and swindlers of set purpose seldom attain to any enduring triumph. On the other hand, it is not necessary to be either a madman, a fanatic, or an enthusiast to see or imagine to see things unseen by other men. Like William Blake, Swedenborg was a combination of many things; it is not wise to attempt to find one word with which to describe him fully. To call him mad were but to argue incompetency to judge; fanatic he surely was not; enthusiast he was, as all great men must be, enthusiastic over that in which they believe, but he was much more than a mere enthusiast. The terms "spirit medium" and "clairvoyant" have but little coherent meaning. Certainly neither term, according to its ordinary acceptation, could be correctly applied to Swedenborg; but it is scarcely logical to say that if Swedenborg is none of these things, he is therefore a true seer and teacher raised up for specific divine purposes, any more than it would be logical of Mahomet. Whether he was, or was not, this assumption does not become true with the untruth of the others. Perhaps if a combination of William Blake and Edward Irving were conceived the conception would approach nearest to the correct appreciation of the type of man Swedenborg was. The present little biography is interesting and useful. It gives in a short space all of importance relating to Swedenborg's life, and is a valuable accompaniment to White's lengthy work. The great interest in Swedenborg evidenced by Balzac, the third chapter of whose 'Séraphita-Séraphitus' is so marvellous an expcsition of Swedenborgianism, by Théophile Gautier, and by Baudelaire, is apparently not pleasing to the author of this little volume, who regards them as having travestied the faith, and apparently considers Wilkie Collins a more successful expounder.

Hunting, Shooting, and Fishing. Illustrated. (Sampson Low and Co.)—This is an attractive volume, one of the early flight of Christmas books which precede the regular coveys, and amongst which there are so many of those "canards" of the sort which furnishes London society with no small portion of its amusement, especially when, as in the above work, the Cockney is the subject of merriment, and the victim of the sporting ladies and gentlemen who deliver him over to the mercies of cunning anglers, knowing gillies, and the attractions of heavy ground, six-barred gates, and broad, sluggish, muddy brooks. The tricks of Mr. Felix, who had suddenly come in for 4,000*l.* a-year, whereby he managed for a time to keep up his sporting reputation, are amusingly described; and the adventures of a lady in search of a horse, whereby she found a husband, very instructive. Love and sport go very well together; but sometimes what is sport to the one is death to the other, and, on the whole, we should be glad to see this book on the drawing-room table of every

country-house, where there are bevies of sporting young ladies and visitors of Mr. Felix's stamp. The wary but shy and modest young man might then arm himself with it, when the flirtation becomes too hot, and read a page to the fair beguiler; or if he wished to become the happy bridegroom, descant on the happy ending to Gloriana's search. And if one of the "got up" sportsmen who bag their game in Leadenhall Market were becoming too wearisome, "Mr. Felix" might be recommended for his study in the retirement of his own room.

MUSIC.

THE FIRST CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT.

To say that the beginning of the Saturday Concerts marks the opening of the musical season would be almost as unnecessary as to repeat the truism that the coming of the swallow harbingers the approach of spring. Neither is there much parallelism between the two events. For the swallow is followed by tribes of songsters, sweeter-throated even than she, while the concerts at Sydenham remain unrivalled by any other orchestral performances during the season. For admirable *ensemble*, for the intelligent and thoroughly musical rendering of new works, Mr. Manns's orchestra need not shun comparison with any body of musicians in Europe. Taking into further account the valuable and truly sympathetic remarks on classic and modern works supplied by the analytical programmes, the Crystal Palace Concerts may be called an excellent training school for popular taste. But here again we approach the limits of truism, and it will be better to leave further general remarks for a brief account of facts.

The first concert, which took place last Saturday, opened with the overture to *Oberon* by Weber, and closed with that to the *Le premier jour de bonheur*, by Auber. Of these and the first symphony of Beethoven, which formed another important item of the programme, little need be said, except that they were played in such a style as we are accustomed to at the Crystal Palace. Mme. Sophie Löwe gave Senta's ballad from the *Flying Dutchman*, and songs by Chopin and Kirchner, in excellent taste, the mournful ditty by the Polish composer especially being declaimed with much pathos. The pianist of the concert, Mme. Arabella Goddard, was cordially welcomed by the audience. The piece she had chosen was Sir Julius Benedict's "Concerto" for pianoforte and orchestra in E flat (Op. 89), a well-written and altogether most satisfactory work. The composer has strictly adhered to the traditional form of the concerto, including a somewhat lengthy tutti at the opening, but within these forms he moves with the ease of a master. His melodies, moreover, are fresh and attractive, and as free from reminiscence on the one hand as they fall short of the highest creative originality on the other. The treatment of the solo instrument occasionally recalls the method of Hummel, but the more modern resources of the pianoforte are by no means neglected, and the result of the whole is, as we said before, harmonious and pleasing. Sir Julius Benedict was fortunate in his interpreter on the present occasion. Mme. Arabella Goddard, who introduced the work at these concerts ten years ago, has evidently studied it *con amore*. The graceful character of the music is admirably adapted to her style, and the bravura passages in the first and last movements were given with unerring accuracy. The andante also was played with rare delicacy of touch and feeling. Loud applause was, under such circumstances, a matter of course. The only, but by no means unimportant, novelty of the programme was Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Incidental Music to Henry VIII.," occasioned by the recent revival of that play at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. There are splendid opportunities for musical display in *Henry VIII.*, such as the pageants in the fourth and fifth acts, and the vision of the "six personages clad in white," which, according to the stage direction, is to be accompanied by "sad and solemn music." It throws a deplorable light on the condition of Shakespeare-revivals on the English stage that Mr. Calvert, the manager, has not thought it necessary to pay the slightest attention to the poet's suggestion. The vision, if it appeared at all at Manchester, passed by in silence, and the same fate, strange to say, was in store for the coronation of Ann Bullen. Only where the baby princess appears Mr. Calvert seems to have thought it necessary to call for the help of the divine art. Such, at least, is the statement of the Crystal Palace programme, although to us Mr. Sullivan's music would appear much better suited for the earlier pageant. But the liberties with Shakespeare's intentions do not end here. We have the interpolation of a song, said to be by Henry VIII., and a royal progress by barge on the Thames from Blackfriars to Greenwich. Whether the unfortunate infant is all this while exposed to the autumnal breezes on the river—Queen Elizabeth was born in September—does not appear from the programme. For these vagaries of a provincial manager Mr. Sullivan is, of course, only in so far responsible as he consented to abet them by supplying the musical accompaniments. The value of his music ought to be judged quite independently of such considerations. His first piece is an Introduction *alla marcia* in D, brilliantly scored, and full of festive pomp and rejoicing. Next follows the song for bass solo and chorus, an excellent specimen of bright popular English music, in which Mr. George Fox's sonorous voice showed to great advantage, the burden being well rendered by the chorus. An encore was loudly demanded. The opening theme of the ensuing "Dance" is somewhat too sprightly for the dignified *grandezza* of the sixteenth century, but in the trio the character of the age seems well rendered; the skilled use of the wind instruments tending to add further touches of local colour. We can, however, by no means accede to the suggestion of Mr. Sullivan having given a prominent part to the brass "as if to conform to the 'flourish' in one of Shakespeare's directions." Our reasons are the following. In these days of the Rev. F. G. Fleay and the New Shakspere Society one is never secure from a sudden revelation as to the authorship of this or that part of *Henry VIII.*, or any other play. But none of the various "tests" is required to tell us that the scene for which Mr. Sullivan's music is written is not by the great bard, or any of his lesser contemporaries, but by Mr. Calvert, of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, who, we have no doubt, is proud to own the interpolation. But, besides this, the term "flourish" does not at all apply to the music in question. It is used by Shakespeare exactly as it is used nowadays, namely, to indicate a short musical phrase for the trumpets, a *fanfare*, in fact, serving to announce the entrance of a king, or a similar important occurrence. The "alarum" and the "tucket" more especially apply to warlike signals, *vide*, for instance, the passage in *Henry V.*, where the Constable exclaims—

> . . . Then let the trumpets sound
> The tucket sonance and the note to mount.

It remains to consider the "sennet," another musical term frequently found in Elizabethan writers. It is derived most probably from a middle-Latin noun, *signatum*, which we have little doubt the reader will find in Ducange. The precise meaning of the term in Shakespeare is not easy to define. Sometimes it seems to stand for a musical instrument, as, for instance, in *Henry VIII.* itself, where it appears in the same line with "trumpets and cornets." It is, however, with this word that the significance of "prolonged festive music" seems most easily to connect itself, and therefore we should suggest it as an approximate description of Mr. Sullivan's treatment. We shall be glad to submit to the higher wisdom of specialists a conjecture which we proffer under all reserve, and not without some trepidation; for it is but too well known how much a controversy connected with Shakespeare is apt to rouse anger and fierce debate. A splendid piece of

pictorial writing, in the form of a "Water Music," into which the burden of the King's song and snatches from Mr. Sullivan's earlier setting of "Orpheus with his lute" are introduced with excellent effect, brings the work to a close.

DRAMA.

COURT THEATRE.—"THE HOUSE OF DARNLEY."

This posthumous work of the late Lord Lytton labours under the disadvantage of having been left in an unfinished and probably unrevised state, but, even as it stands, it does no discredit to his reputation as a master of stage effect. More than this it cannot be said to do. It does not show that he made a new departure in play writing, as he did in fiction, towards the end of his life. If the *House of Darnley* had been produced anonymously, it would not have made such a reputation on its own merits as was made by the *Coming Race* or *The Parisians*. Still, incomplete though it was left, the *House of Darnley* is a play worth seeing, apart from the interest attaching to the author. If the plot never gives rise to an engrossing sense of suspense, its movements are broad, simple, and easily followed, and the situations, both serious and comic, are strong. A banker and speculator, Mr. Darnley, of the House of Darnley, a man of genius in his line, has married a wife of noble blood, a good deal younger than himself. Lady Darnley has extravagant tastes, of which we have an example on the stage in a gorgeous peacock drawing-room. To this her millionaire husband has no objection; but Lady Darnley, receiving less of his valuable time than she desires, seeks compensation in flirting with her cousin, Sir Francis Marsden, and this naturally the millionaire does not like. The flirtation on the lady's side is perfectly innocent, but the profligate Sir Francis is desperately in earnest, and Mr. Darnley surprises him one day pouring vows of love into her ear. Still, so magnanimous is the husband that he leaves them together, with a veiled intimation that he sees through Marsden's designs, but that his trust in his wife's fidelity is unshaken. On the other hand, she finds cause for jealousy, which, being less trustful, she accepts. Returning one day unexpectedly from an excursion on which her husband had begged her to go, she is talking to him, when a strange lady is shown into the room, announced as a visitor to him. The lady is really the sister of Mr. Mainwaring, an honest friend of Darnley's; she has been seduced from her home by Marsden, and is generously sheltered by Darnley for his friend's sake; but Lady Darnley does not know this, and leaves the room without receiving an explanation, and in a suspicious frame of mind. Her suspicions are artfully inflamed by the unscrupulous Marsden for his own purposes; but, instead of yielding to him because she believes her husband to be unfaithful, she resolves to fly to her father's, and writes a note to Darnley acquainting him of the fact. The note reaches him in the very thick of a commercial crisis, and the excitement of a dangerous run upon his bank. In the fourth act, pursuing Lady Darnley to her father's house, to learn more definitely why she had left him, he finds Marsden once more suspiciously at her feet, and, in a frenzy of rage, snatches up his child, and goes back, without pausing for an explanation. This was the dramatic complication of circumstances which Lord Lytton had woven for himself to unloose. He had proceeded a certain way, and had indicated what he intended to be the means of explanation and reconciliation, by making Lady Darnley give Mainwaring her jewels to save her husband from ruin. Mr. Coghlan, although an experienced actor, has not succeeded in making the final act as effective as he might have done, and has not added to the previous acts those touches which might have been expected from the deceased author to make the probability of the cardinal incidents more clearly marked. He has discharged the difficult task of concluding reasonably well what another had begun, but he might have done a good deal better without taking unwarrantable liberties. The defiant exit of the villain in the last act, an imitation of Sir Charles Pomander in *Masks and Faces*, is not much in Lord Lytton's manner, and hardly accords with previous slight signs of relenting in the earlier acts. Darnley's refusal of his wife's jewels, and salvation without their aid, seems also to be a mistaken conception of Lord Lytton's intentions.

The representation of the play leaves little to be desired. The stage accessories are probably more luxurious than have ever been seen on any stage; in fact, it may be doubted whether they are not so splendid and curious as to distract attention from the progress of the play. The acting is thoroughly adequate, to give it the faintest word of praise that it deserves. Nothing could be more perfect than the refined significance of Miss Ellen Terry's acting; in every look and gesture we get the result of careful artistic study, without any appearance of effort. If anything, she carries the avoidance of "points" to an excess, so that her manner in the more passionate scenes seems sometimes wanting in due intensity. In his rendering of Mainwaring Mr. Hare shows once more what a very versatile actor he is, and how thoroughly he understands the art of not only interpreting his own part with power but acting up to and strengthening his coadjutors. A good deal of the burden of the acting falls on Mr. Kelly, and he bears it well in the first scenes, but as the play proceeds it becomes apparent that he has only one automatic walk, and one artificial system of tones for the expression of every emotion, expostulating with his wife and giving orders to his clerk with very much the same mechanical inflexions of the voice. Still the walk is graceful and manly, and the voice deep and musical, and his general manner is well suited to the part, so that his impersonation is very far from being a failure in point of stage effect. Mr. Bishop and Miss Amy Roselle do full justice to the exhibition of the underplot.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—"TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS."

It would be perhaps rash to say that Mr. Arthur Cecil's rendering of the chief part in Mr. Tom Taylor's well-known farce is the best thing he has yet done, but it is certainly equal to any of his most finished studies. One might imagine that the character of an old French refugee turned teacher had grown so completely hackneyed since the days when Mrs. Gaskell drew M. de Chalabre that nothing could make it attractive again; but the part of Tourbillon is adorned by Mr. Arthur Cecil with a delicate pathos and poetic feeling which make the character so real and pleasant that we never stop to consider how far it is original. Higher praise could not be given to the artistic care and perception which has produced so perfect a presentation of a decayed grand seigneur.

VARIORUM NOTES.

Regarding Mr. Butler-Johnstone, whose name has been mixed up with the contemplated raid of the Hungarian firebrands into Roumania, the Vienna correspondent of the *Pesther Lloyd* writes:—"I directed your attention last December already to the 'political missions' of the honourable gentleman. What I then said, I can only repeat. It would be supremely ridiculous to take this gentleman *au serieux*. Mr. Butler-Johnstone belongs to the category of political lunatics in which England is so rich. He is the legitimate successor of David Urquhart, but without his learning. In the House of Commons he never played any part, and has always belonged to its comical figures. A couple of years ago he wrote a series of articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* expressing his conviction that the Turkish 'Tamana' were far better than the British Constitution, and that the Turks were justified in despising Englishmen so long as they adhered to the 'abominable custom of shaking hands.' When Lord Salis-

bury went on his Argonaut expedition *viâ* Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome to Constantinople, Mr. Butler-Johnstone travelled after him, and 'repudiated' all connexion with the noble lord, leaving it to be inferred that his 'mission' was the only true and genuine one. Thus, if Mr. Butler-Johnstone had anything to do with the Siebenbürger raid, it could not fail to have been boundlessly ridiculous, and is far more interesting from a pathological than from a political point of view." These are very hard words. But what are we to think of the other gentlemen who chose such a leader for their enterprise?

A suggestion for the Cleopatra Needle—Place it at the Thames end of Northumberland Avenue, and call this street Nile Street.

Some discontented Englishmen and Englishwomen grumble at the prices they pay abroad. The price list of L. Edeskuty of Pesth, which fills two whole pages of the *Pesther Lloyd*, will, however, scarcely strike our dissatisfied housekeepers by its moderation; nor does it tend to prove that the Hungarians have yet made much progress in their retrenchments upon which the hopes for the success of the Gold Rente is partly built. To begin with tea; we find the best costs 13*s.* 6*d.* a pound, and finishes up with 2*s.* 2*d.* a pound for tea-dust. Rum, that invariable accompaniment of the "English tea," costs 6*s.* 4*d.* the bottle. Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, 2*s.* 8*d.* per pound. Brown sugar is 1*s.* a pound; lump sugar "at the cheapest prices current." Chocolate, the best, is only 3*s.* 8*d.* a a pound. "Mixed pickles" 2*s.* 6*d.* a bottle; and "Chester" and Dutch cheese 2*s.* 8*d.* and 1*s.* 8*d.* a pound. Condensed milk is 1*s.* 1*d.* a can; and Liebeg's meat extract, 10*s.* 6*d.* the pound pot.

A career of singular promise is cut short by the untimely death of Dr. Henry Lawson, lecturer on Physiology to St. Mary's Hospital, and for several years editor of the *Popular Science Review*. Dr. Lawson came to England a very young man, almost absolutely unknown, having just entered the medical profession and the age of manhood together. His marked abilities, and his knowledge of the science of his profession, soon made him friends, and won him distinction. A feeble physical constitution stood always in his way, and yet he was making a rapid advance towards genuine distinction and success when he had to put honourable ambition and love of science and his profession aside, and desist from active work or even close study. He went to Ireland, his native country, for a little rest, and there he fell sick and died. He was only in his thirty-sixth year.

In reference to our note last week on Italian fiction, a correspondent recalls our attention to the Chevalier Cimino's stirring and brilliant romance, which, translated into French under title of 'Les Conjurés,' has been deservedly popular. "Nous nous sommes attachés," says the French translator in his preface, "à conserver à l'œuvre de M. Cimino son caractère puissamment original," and the same description might be justly applied to all the work of Signor Cimino, who has distinguished himself by his dramas as well as his novels. The dramatic faculty is rare nowadays in Italy, and it is only fair that the Chevalier Cimino should have the credit which attaches to it.

The Berlin Foreign Office proposes to establish a Consular Academy, to prepare candidates for the Consular Service, as the employment of foreigners is attended frequently with considerable disadvantages. The candidates will be recruited from the ranks of those who have had a University education, or who have passed the officers' examination for the army, and also from the mercantile classes who may already have acquired a practical knowledge of foreign countries. It would be well if the British Foreign Office were to adopt the same plan, and eliminate a few of the intelligent foreigners in its service. During the Carlist War there was one gentleman occupying an important post in the Passport Office, who was a Frenchman, and a correspondent of the *Union*. At that time there were many people travelling in Spain with British Foreign Office passports. But even when foreign officials do not unduly favour foreigners, they are apt to stretch their authority sometimes, in order to prove how very English they are.

The Championship of the Thames and of England has returned to the fountain-head of watermanship, Father Thames. It had been in abeyance for such matters till R. Boyd of the Tyne met J. Higgins of the Thames on May 28. That day was stormy, and Higgins, with rowlocks too low to clear the waves, could hardly move in surf, while Boyd, with higher rowlocks, and more accustomed to rough water, rowed clean away from his opponent. In the Thames Regatta, at the latter end of the summer, Higgins turned the tables on Boyd in smooth water over a shorter course. Boyd then was half-trained. T. Blackman, another Londoner, that day beat both Boyd and Higgins. The latter at once issued a new challenge to Boyd, and after the latter had haggled some time, trying to get the match on the Tyne, the matter was arranged. They had another rough day last Monday, with a stiff nor'-easter, but Higgins had the better and more sheltered station in the first mile, and after a hard race for two miles he tired the Tyne man out, and won easily. They laid 3 to 1 on Boyd at the start, so confident were his party of his powers in surf. His style, however, is radically bad, and he has been so long settled in it that we doubt if he will ever make a really good sculler. He slides much too soon in the stroke, and so fails to use his body properly. Higgins, though the shorter and lighter man, rows the longer stroke, because he slides at the right time, at the latter end of the stroke. Let us hope that the new champion will now be sent by his party to Australia, to row E. Trickett of Sydney for the championship of the world, which the latter won from our worn-out old ex-champion, J. Sadler, in June, 1876.

Prince Bismarck expressed great satisfaction at the flourishing state of his forests in Lauenburg, whence he returned last Saturday to Berlin. The timber grown in his estate is much appreciated by shipbuilders; no doubt the Prince equally appreciates it, for the net revenue he derives from the sale varies between 210,000 and 300,000 marks per annum. At the same time that Prince Bismarck returned, Marquis d'Absac, Marshal MacMahon's Chief Adjutant, also returned from his Silesian estates, where he has been much pleased with the results of his wheat crops—*Semper procul negotiis diplomatici gaudeant!*

When people have property which they want to get rid of they adopt various methods to attain their end. Prince Borghese wants to sell the famous Borghese Gardens in Rome, or rather he wants the Municipality to buy them, and as the terms he demands are rather too high for the Municipality, he closes the gardens, which are the delight of Rome before the sun goes down, for three days of the week, and takes little or no care of them. By making himself thus disagreeable he hopes to compel the Municipality to buy the gardens. The reason he is thus anxious to part with them is tolerably obvious. While Rome was under the Pope's dominion he did not suffer from the heavy taxation which came along with liberated Italy. What the Municipality ought to do is to buy the gardens, and join them to those on the Pincian Hill, and make the finest public gardens in the world, while, on the other hand, Prince Borghese ought to lower his terms and keep his temper.

The South Australian papers are complaining very much of the rapidity with which one of our European thistles, *Carduus Marianus*, is spreading throughout the country, and stifling the growth of the grass on the pasture lands. At the same time, the Bay of Melbourne has become infested with a large number of sharks, of which 3,000 have been caught within a few weeks in consequence of a price being set on their heads. Considering the Pandora gifts which the New World has sent to us in the shape of Colorado beetles and other noxious pests, the New World must be prepared to take something from the Old.

The mania in the United States for "candy" eating, which has possession not only of women and children but of men, is in itself deleterious enough to teeth and stomach were the

candy consumed harmless in make. But the Boston Board of Health, in pursuing adulterations, has been going into the candy question, from which the following pleasing facts have been elicited. "Out of twenty samples analysed, seven being yellow and green candies, contained the extremely poisonous chromate of lead, or chrome yellow; one (white peppermint) contained plaster of Paris, and eleven were quite pure, or, at least, contained nothing poisonous." After these disclosures we can safely predict that the eating of candy will not be abated one jot.

At the general meeting of the German Pomologists, mention was made of the shiploads of cranberries exported from Ohio to England and Hamburg. The fruit was first discovered in America by a beggar, who has since become a millionaire by the cultivation of the plant. All this is very interesting; but it would be more interesting to know what becomes of all these cranberries. Do the wine-merchants know anything about it?

The Vatican has decided not to make Columbus a saint, because he never was one. That is the sense of the opinion expressed by the congregations. They base their refusal to beatify him on the grounds that his Christian virtues have not been exemplified by any great deed; that, apart from his discovery of America, his public and private life were open to grave reproach; that, until now, nobody ever thought of regarding him as a saint or invoking him as such; and, finally, that it is very doubtful whether he died a good Catholic. M. l'Abbé Cadonet has thus written his thick volume advocating the canonisation of the great discoverer in vain.

The autumn fair at Tantah, in Lower Egypt, has not been at all successful this year. There are two fairs at this place, one in the spring, and one beginning in the middle of September and lasting to the middle of October. Like the fairs at Usunchova in Roumelia, the Tantah fairs seem devoted to the exchange of native and foreign goods; but the essence of the Tantah fair lies in the secret market for those goods, the sale of which, as Mr. McCoan said, has been forbidden by the Viceroy. They are essentially soft goods, and are provided by the slave dealers in the shape of mild gazelle-eyed Hindoos, voluptuously developed Circassians, nut-brown Abyssinians, and jet-black Nubians. There was a large stock on sale, but the agents from Constantinople and other cities of Turkey in Europe were conspicuous by their absence this year. Times are hard at present; and so many Turks are going straight to Paradise to the embraces of seventy-seven lovely houris, that the terrestrial beauties are quite disregarded. One speculative individual, at the beginning of the fair, at once snapped up a lovely Circassian for 4,000 francs, but before the end he was glad to get rid of her for 1,000 francs. Before a fortnight was over the dealers saw that the fair was a perfect failure, and began "selling off" far below cost price. Thus, the handsomest Somali girls—all ebony and ivory—sold for 300 francs, say the ridiculous sum of 12*l*. This is a beautiful subject for a leader in the *Daily Telegraph*. It might begin with a flowing description of the slave markets of antiquity—with a passing reference to E. Long's "Babylonian Marriage Market"—and wind up with a fierce denunciation of the misery entailed by the godless Russians on the poor innocent dealer, whose frail and perishable goods have suffered so ruinous a depreciation in consequence of the war, which drains the Moslem pockets of their yellow gold, the ducats and the sequins necessary to stock the patriarchal harem.

The first volume of the new Bible Commentary, edited by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, will be shortly published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, and will contain St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, by the Rev. Professor Plumptre, D.D., and St. John, by the Rev. H. W. Watkins, M.A.

Mr. Davenport Adams' 'Dictionary of English Literature' will be published early next month by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

It is proposed to erect a small chapel to the memory of those lost in the fatal collision between the *Avalanche* and the *Forest*. The site will be probably somewhere near the spot where the few survivors first landed after the accident. A marble tablet containing the names of all those who perished is to be placed in the church. So simple and so touching a memorial of one of the saddest accidents that has occurred for many years surely deserves the sympathy of all.

Mr. Cutter, the librarian of the Boston Athenæum, has struck out a new path in the field of cataloguing. According to the New York *Nation*, he is making the experiment of guiding readers in their choice of works before these have been entered on the catalogue. His List of Additions, begun three years since, is now enlivened by brief and pithy notes on the character of some of the books. They are partly original, and partly borrowed from the judgments of the literary press; and occasionally the librarian sets his own judgment over against that of the press, *e.g.* "Samuel Brohl and Company. *Not a novel of much interest*, Ath. *One of Cherbuliez's best*, C. A. C." The *Nation* does not inform us how the readers like the plan.

General Wickham Hoffman, in his 'Camp, Court, and Siege,' recently published by Harpers, in New York, gives an interesting account of his experience during the Franco-Prussian War, and quotes a war-song of the National Guard that does not say much for their heroism. This is the song:—

Nous partons,
ons, ons,
Comme des moutons,
Comme des moutons,
Pour la boucherie,
rie, rie.
On nous massacra,
ra, ra,
Comme des rats,
Comme des rats,
Comme Bismarck rira,
rira.

'In the Dark, in Seven Watches,' is the title under which Mr. R. E. Francillon is producing his Christmas romance for 1877. Though similar in plan and character to the fictions known to Christmas readers as 'Like a Snowball,' 'Streaked with Gold,' and 'Rare Good Luck,' this story will not appear in connexion with any monthly magazine, but will take the shape of an independent annual, as 'R. E. Francillon's Christmas Number for 1877.'

Alexander Anderson, the "surfaceman," is about to publish a fresh volume of poems, which will be published by Messrs. W. H. Smith.

'Helen's Babies,' and 'Other People's Children,' by John Habberton, have just appeared in the Tauchnitz collection.

Mr. M'Coan's 'Egypt' is being published in the United States, as a companion volume to Mr. Wallace's 'Russia.'

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2 Salt do.	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	4	0	0	4	0
1 Mustard do.	0	1	0	0	1	6	0	2	0	0	2	0
6 Egg do.	0	9	0	0	12	0	0	11	0	0	12	0
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